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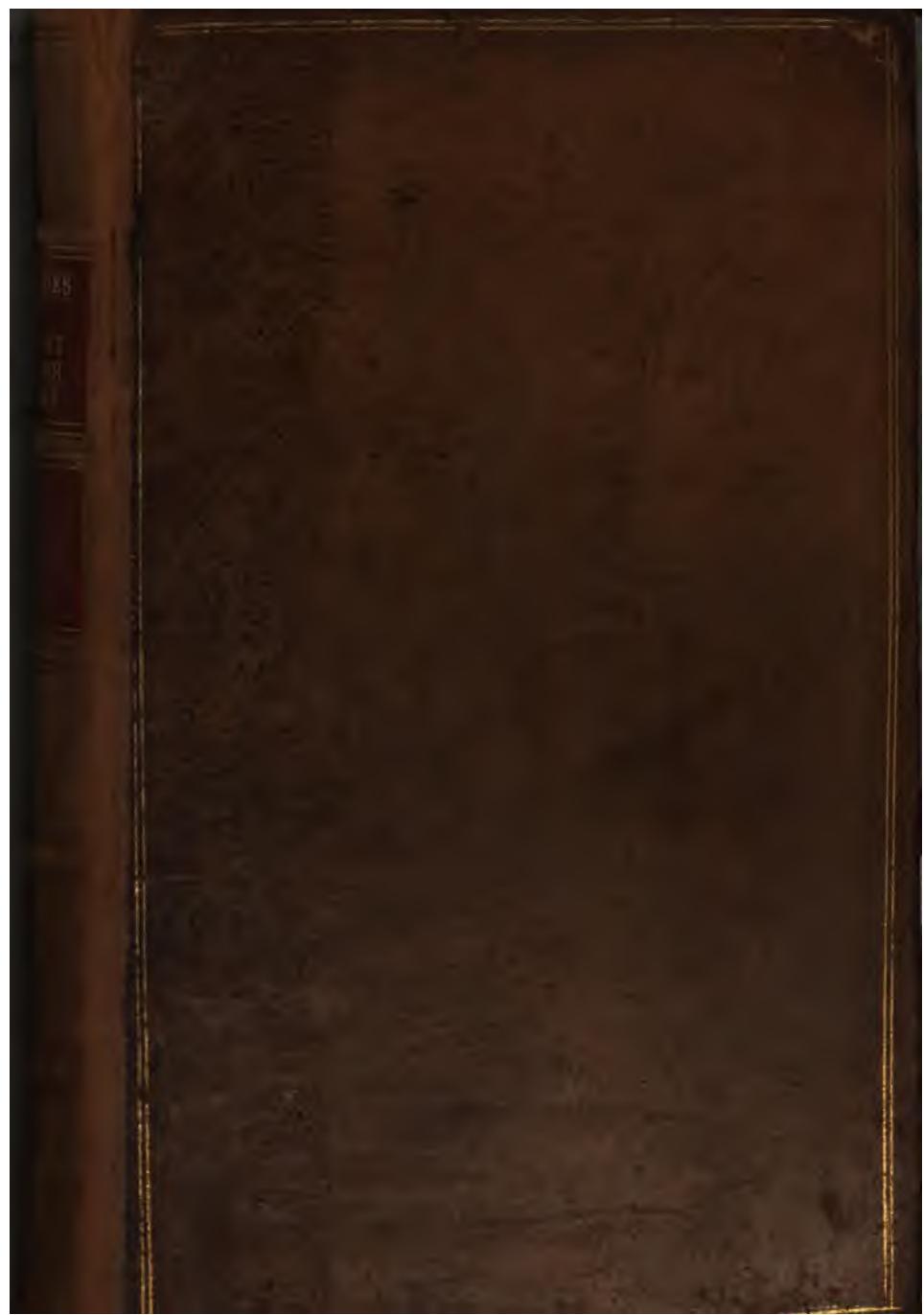
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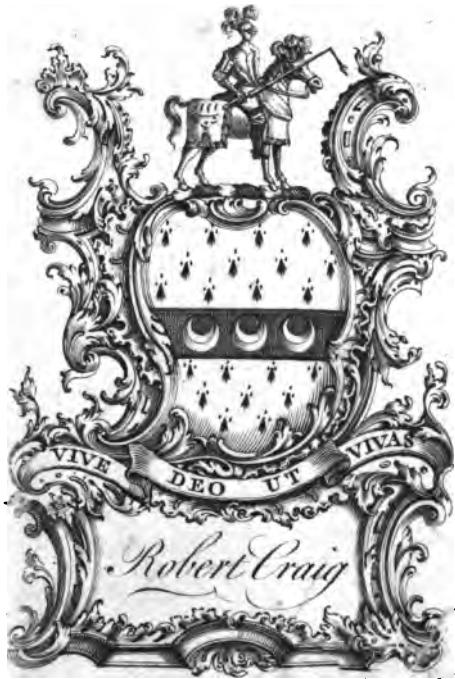
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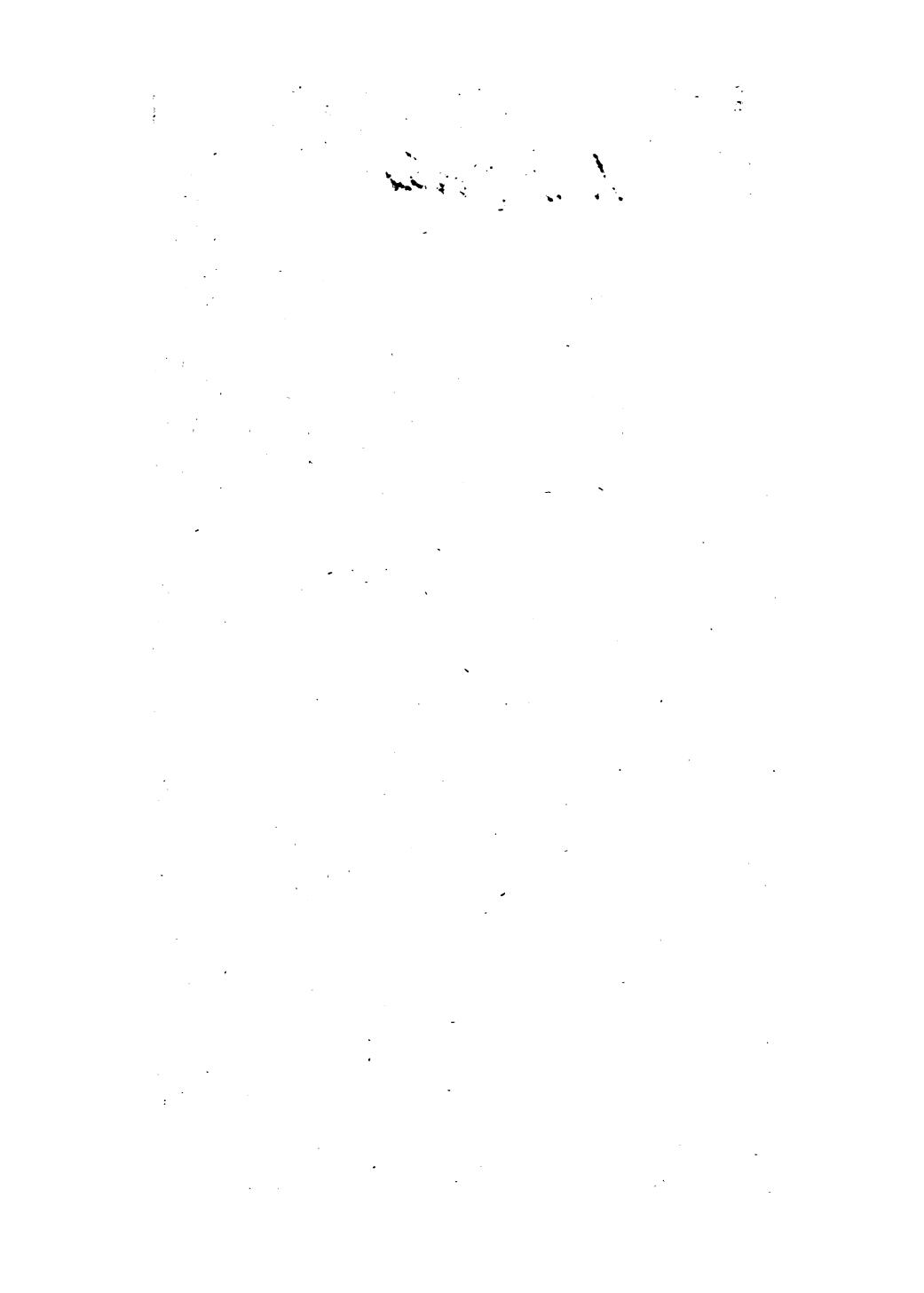


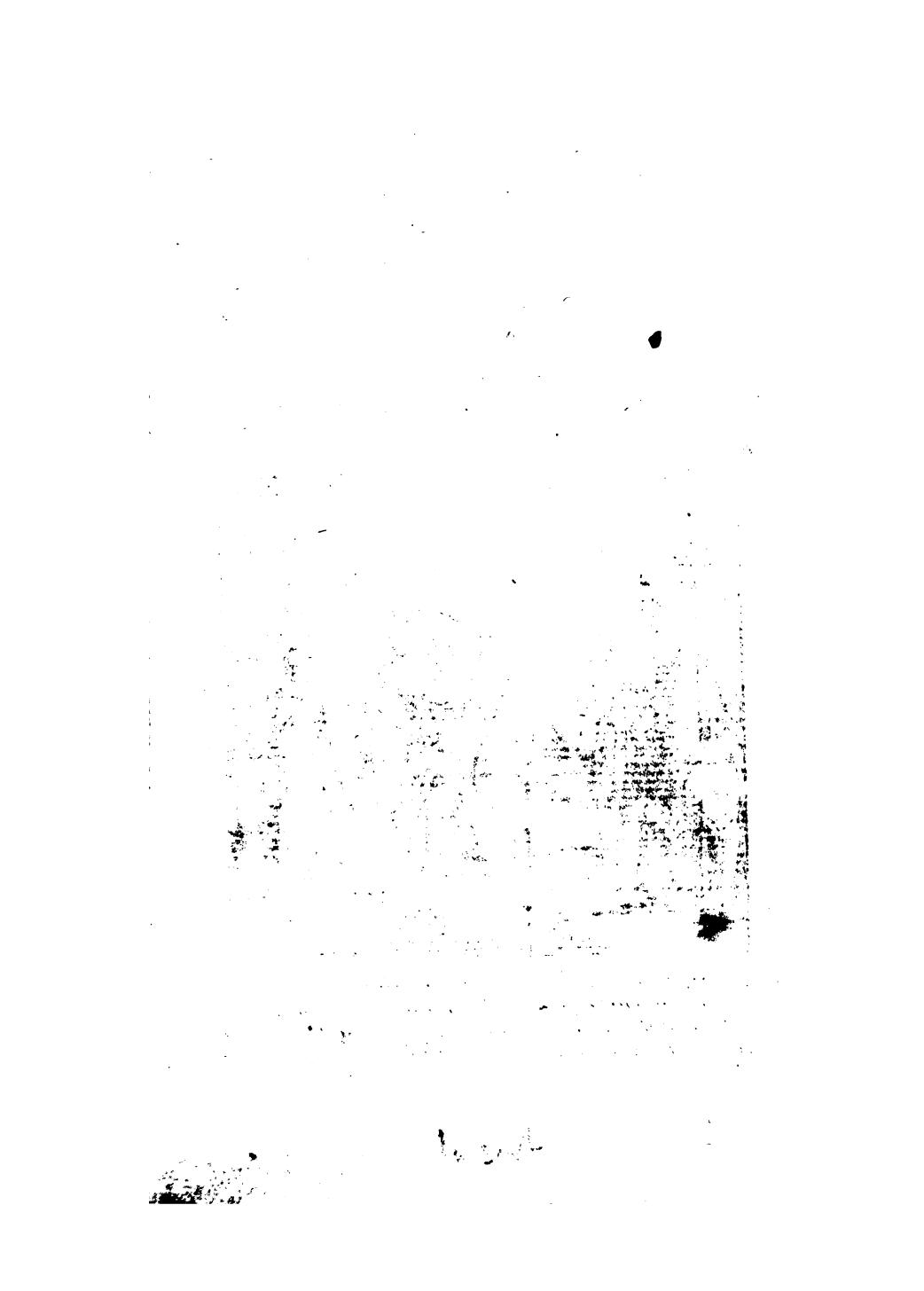
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Mr. W. Bowles

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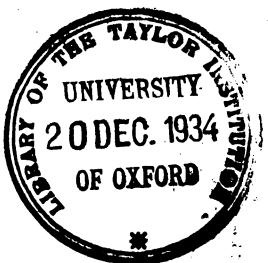
J. Hall del.
C. Grignion Sculp.
These venerable ancient Song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for Art.
Rowe

R E L I Q U E S
O F
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:
CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other
PIECES of our earlier POETS,
(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)
Together with some few of later Date.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



L O N D O N :
Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.
M DCC LXV.





TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
ELIZABETH
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND:
IN HER OWN RIGHT
.BARONESS PERCY, LUCY, POYNINGS, FITZ-PAYNE,
BRYAN, AND LATIMER.

MADAM,

THOSE writers, who solicit the protection of the noble and the great, are often exposed to censure by the impropriety of their addresses: a remark that will perhaps

be too readily applied to him, who having nothing better to offer than the rude songs of ancient minstrels, aspires to the patronage of the Countess of NORTHUMBERLAND, and hopes that the barbarous productions of unpolished ages can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example.

But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear, when it is declared that these poems are presented to your LADYSHIP, not as labours of art, but as effusions of nature, shewing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages : of ages that had been almost lost to memory, had not the gallant deeds of your illustrious ancestors preserved them from oblivion.

No active or comprehensive mind can forbear some attention to the reliques of antiquity :

quity: It is prompted by natural curiosity to survey the progress of life and manners, and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was civilized, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed: but this curiosity, MADAM, must be stronger in those, who, like your LADYSHIP, can remark in every period the influence of some great progenitor, and who still feel in their effects the transactions and events of distant centuries.

By such Bards, MADAM, as I am now introducing to your presence, was the infancy of genius nurtured and advanced, by such were the minds of unlettered warriors softened and enlarged, by such was the memory of illustrious actions preserved and propagated, by such were the heroic deeds of the Earls of NORTHUMBERLAND sung at festivals in the hall of ALNWICK: and those songs, which the bounty of your ancestors rewarded, now return to your LADYSHIP by a kind of hereditary right; and, I flatter myself, will find

such reception, as is usually shewn to poets and historians, by those whose consciousness of merit makes it their interest to be long remembered.

I am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Most Humble

And most devoted Servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

The P R E F A C E.

THE Reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century, but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the professor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the author of the RAMBLER, and the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected as either shew the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They

x P R E F A C E.

They are here distributed into THREE VOLUMES; each of which contains an independent SERIES of poems, arranged for the most part, according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each VOLUME, or SERIES, is divided into three BOOKS, to afford so many pauses, or resting places to the Reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics* have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: And to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first-rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English Minstrels: and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists, are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class: of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling

*Mr. ADDISON, Mr. DRYDEN, and the witty Lord DORSET, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned SELDEN appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See p. XI.

Minstrels;

P R E F A C E.

Minstrels, who composed their rhimes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for present applause, and present subsistence.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in a slight Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen, who were so kind as to impart extracts from them : for while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys, Esq; secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio ; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection he tells us was " Begun by Mr. SEDDEN ; im- " proved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in " time ; and the whole continued down to the year " 1700."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford, is a small collection of ballads, made by Anthony Wood, in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Hen. viii, Edw. vi, Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS. besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected,

and

and from many private collections, as well printed, as manuscript: particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies, tho' often for the sake of brevity one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several*. Where any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is distinguished by two inverted 'commas'. And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful, as the imperfect state of his materials would admit: for these old popular rhimes have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care, than any other writings in the world.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. SHENSTONE, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily preverited him: Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. A large MS. collection of poems was a present from HUMPHREY PITT, Esq; of Prior's-Lee, in Shropshire, to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, Bart. of Hayes, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems, with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some

* Thus in Book I. No. VI. of this vol. one MS only is mentioned, tho' some additional stanzas were recovered from another fragment: and this has sometimes been the case elsewhere.

obliging favours of the same kind were received from JOHN McGOWAN, Esq; of Edinburgh: and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from MR. JOHN DAVIDSON, of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. MR. HUTCHINSON, of Kimbolton. MR. WARTON, who at present does so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and another friend in that University, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgments: to MR. BLAKEWAY, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library: and MR. FARMER, fellow of Emmanuel, often exerted in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished. Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the British Museum and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of MR. ASTLE, to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index lately annexed to the Harleian catalogue. The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, deserves acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In MR. GARRICK's curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor, in the politest manner. To the Rev. DR. BIRCH he is indebted for the use of several ancient and curious tracts. To the friendship of MR. JOHNSON he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And if the glossaries are more exact and curious, than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervisal of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations, than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. MR. LYÉ, Editor of Junius's *Etymologicum* and of the Gothic gospels.

The NAMES of so many men of learning and character
the

the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet to guard him from every unsavourable censure, for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of OLD BALLADS. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius, and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent; the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (tho' but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light, their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

A N E S S A Y
ON THE ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

THE MINSTRELS seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards, who united the arts of Poetry and Music, and sung verses to the harp, of their own composing. It is well known what respect was shewn to their BARDS by the Britons : and no less was paid to the northern SCALDS † by most of the nations of Gothic race. Our Saxon ancestors, as well as their brethren the ancient Danes, had been accustomed to hold men of this profession in the highest reverence. Their skill was considered as something divine, their persons were deemed sacred, their attendance was solicited by kings, and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards *. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excell them in intellectual accomplishments. When the Saxons were converted to christianity, in proportion as letters prevailed among them, this rude admiration began to abate, and poetry was no longer a peculiar profession. The Poet and the Minstrel † became two persons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and

† So the ancient Danes, &c. intitled their Bards. See Pref. to
" Five pieces of Runic poetry, 8vo. 1763.

* Mallet, L'Introd. a l'Hist. de Dannemare. 4to. Bartholin. Antiq. Dan. 4to.

† The word MINSTREL is derived from the French *Meneſtyer* ; and was not in use here before the Norman conquest. It is remarkable that our old monkish historians do not use the word *Citharedus*, *Cantator*, or the like, to express a MINSTREL in Latin ; but either *Mimus*, *Hiftrio*, *Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it should seem that the Minstrels set off their singing by mimickry or action : or according to Dr. Brown's hypothesis, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. See his ingenious Hist. of the Rise of Poetry, &c.

many

many of the most popular rhimes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men, and got their livelihood by singing veres to the harp, at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors the Bards and Scalds. And indeed tho' some of them only recited the compositions of others, many of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads in this collection were produced by this order of men. For altho' some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels who sung them. From the amazing variations, which occur in different copies of these old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions, and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as is hinted above, this profession was held in great reverence among the Saxon tribes, as well as among their Danish brethren. This appears from two remarkable facts in history, which show that the same arts of music and song were equally admired among both nations, and that the privileges and honours conferred upon the professors of them were common to both; as it is well known their customs, manners, and even language were not in those times very dissimilar.

When our great king Alfred was desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm; he assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel*,

* *Fingens se JOCULATOREM, assumpta cithara, &c.* Ingulphi Hist. p. 869.—*Sab specie MIMI . . . ut JOCULATORIE professor artis.* Malmesb. l. 2. c. 4. p. 43. One name for a Minstrel in old French was JOUGLEUR.

and

and taking his harp, and only one attendant; (for in the early times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp †) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp. And though he could not but be known to be a Saxon, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception ; he was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault, which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel †, Anlaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents, and taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music : and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward ; though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Anlaff bury the money which had been given him, from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

From the uniform procedure of both these kings, it is plain that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character among both. Even so late as the reign of Edward II. the Minstrels were easily admitted into the royal presence ; as appears from a passage in Stow +, which also shews the splendor of their appearance.

“ In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize “ his feast of Pentecost at Westminister in the great hall : “ where sitting royally at the table with his peers about

† See this vol. p. 57. 65.

‡ *Afumpta manu cithara . . . professus MIMUM, qui huiusmodi arte item quotidianam mercaretur . . . Tussus abire pretium cantus acceptit.* Malmesb. l. 2. c. 6.

+ Survey of Lond. 1603. p. 469.

" him, there entered a woman ADORNED LIKE A MINSTREL, sitting on a great horse TRAPPED, AS MINSTRELS THEN USED, who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one, and departed."—The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The messenger was sent in a Minstrel's habit, as what would gain an easy admission; and was a woman concealed under that habit, I suppose, to disarm the king's resentment: For I do not find that any of the real Minstrels were of the female sex, and therefore conclude this was only an artful contrivance peculiar to that occasion.

In the 4th year of Richard II. † John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a COURT OF MINSTRELS, with a full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend, and arrest such of them, as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a KING OF THE MINSTRELS, with four officers, to preside over them. These were every year elected with great ceremony, the whole form of which is described by Dr. Plot ‡; in whose time however they seem to have become mere musicians.

† *Ornata HISTRIONALI habitu.* Walsingh. p. 109. (That Minstrels sometimes rode on horseback, see in this vol. pp. 57. 65. &c.)

‡ When the porter was blamed for admitting her, he answered, *Non esse moris regie HISTRIONES ab ingressu quodam libet prohibere, &c.* Walsingh.

* Anno 1381.

† Intitled *Carte le Roy de Minstreux.* (In Latin *Histriones.* Vid. Plot. p. 437.)

§ Hist. of Staffordsh. Ch. 10. §. 69—76. p. 435 &c.

EVEN.

ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS. xix

Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. the Reciters of verses, or moral speeches learnt by heart, intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus [†], whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who DID NOT SING their compositions; but the others that DID, enjoyed without doubt the same privileges.

The Reader will find that the Minstrels continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect. Yet still they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads [‡].

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient MINSTREL, whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present [§], and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

“ A Person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of
“ a xlv years old, aparelled partly as he would himself.
“ His cap off : his head seemly rounded tonster-wife || :
“ fair kembed, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little
“ capon’s greace, was finely smoothed, to make it shine
“ like a mallard’s wing. His beard smugly shaven :
“ and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair
“ starched, sleeked and glistering like a pair of new

[†] See his *ECCLESIAST. . . . Irrumpunt in convivia magnum, aut in cauponas vniarias ; et argumentum aliquod quod edidicerunt recitantes, &c.* Jortin, vol. 2. p. 193.

[‡] See vol. 2. p. 162.

[‡] R. L. [Langham] author of a letter 12mo. describing the Queen’s entertainment at Killingworth in 1575. p. 46. (This writer’s orthography is not here copied.)

^{||} “ Tonstur-wife,” after the manner of the Monks.

“ shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick,
 “ and strut, ‘that’ every ruff stood up like a wafer. A
 “ fide [i. e. long] gown of Kendale green, after ‘the
 “ freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with
 “ a marrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and
 “ a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat,
 “ to undo when he lift. Seemly begirt in a red caddis
 “ girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives
 “ hanging a’ two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth
 “ a lappet of his napkin* edged with a blue lace, and
 “ marked with a D for Damian, for he was but a
 “ batchelor yet.

“ His gown had fide [i. e. long] sleeves down to
 “ mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined
 “ with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black
 “ worsted: upon them a pair of points of tawny cham-
 “ let laced along the wrist with blue threden pointes ||, a
 “ wealt towards the hands of fustian-a-napes. A pair
 “ of red neather stockings. A pair of pumps on his feet,
 “ with a crois cut at his toes for corns: not new indeed,
 “ yet cleanly blackt with foot, and shining as a shoing
 “ horn.

“ About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle.
 “ His HARP in good grace dependent before him. His
 “ WREST † tyed to a green lace and hanging by:
 “ Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain,
 “ (pewter † for) SILVER, as a SQUIRE MINSTREL OF
 “ MIDDLESEX, that travelled the country this summer
 “ season, unto fair and worshipful mens houses. From
 “ his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour,
 “ resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of
 “ Islington.”

* i. e. handkerchief, or cravat. || Perhaps points.

† The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

The reader will remember that this was not a REAL MIN-
 STREL, but only one personating that character: his ornaments
 therefore were only such as OUTWARDLY represented those of a
 real Minstrel.

—This

ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS. xxi

—This Minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families, wore their arms hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge. From the expression of SQUIRE MINSTREL above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as YEOMEN MINSTRELS, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, “after
“ three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem,
“ . . . and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for
“ ‘filing his napkin, tempered a string or two with his
“ w^rest, and after a little warbling on his harp for
“ a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted
“ for story out of King Arthur’s acts, &c.”—This
song the reader will find printed in this work, volume
III. pag. 25.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth a statute was passed by which “Minstrels, wandering abroad,” were included among “rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars,” and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned,

I CANNOT conclude this account of the ancient MINSTRELS, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North. There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been “of THE NORTH COUNTRY *”; and indeed the prevalence of the Northern dialect in such kind of poems, shews that this representation is real. The reason of which seems to be this; the civilizing of nations has begun from the South: the North would therefore be the last civilized, and the old manners would

* Vid. Pulton’s Stat. 1661. p. 1110. 39^o Eliz.

• See p. 65. of this vol.

longest subsist there. With the manners, the old poetry that painted these manners would remain likewise; and in proportion as their boundaries became more contracted, and their neighbours refined, the poetry of those rude men would be more distinctly peculiar, and that peculiarity more strikingly remarked.

The Reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class: many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes:

as

<i>Coutrie</i>	<i>barper</i>	<i>battel</i>	<i>morning</i>
<i>Ladie</i>	<i>singer</i>	<i>damsel</i>	<i>loving,</i>

instead of *country*, *lady*, *barber*, *singer*, &c.—This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of Heroical Ballads: I mean by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old Minstrelsy that I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. in this volume. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel-ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry.—The other sort are written in exacter mea-

sure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners.—To be sensible of the difference between them, let the Reader compare in this volume No. III. of book III. with No. IX. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is mentioned above) the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little Miscellanies under the name of *GARLANDS*, and at length to be written purposely for such collections*.

* In the Pepysian, and other libraries, are preserved a great number of these in black letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royall Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleian Library.]—2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.—3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631.—4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D.—5. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanier.—6. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Tho. Delone.—7. Cupid's Garland set round with gilded Roses.—8. The Garland of withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1636.—9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.—10. The Country Garland.—11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.—12. The Lover's Garland.—13. Neptune's Fair Garland.—14. England's fair Garland.—15. Robyn Hood's Garland.—16. The Lover's Garland.—17. The Maiden's Garland.—18. A loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime.—&c. &c. &c.

This sort of petty publications were anciently called *PENNY-MERRIMENTS*: as little religious tracts of the same size went by the name *PENNY GODLINESSES*: In the Pepys Library are multitudes of both kinds.

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(1)

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I never

I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I
found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet:
and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with
no rougher voice, than rude Rile; which beeing so
evill aparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill
age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous
eloquence of Pindare?

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY's DEFENCE OF POETRY.

DEFENCE



A P C I E P
SONGS AND BALLADS,

&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK I.

I.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

The fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.

VOL. III.

B

Mr.

2 ANCIENT SONGS

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique* on this very popular ballad, but it is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of our present copy; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elopement of Sir Philip Sidney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem, the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil-aparell'd in the rugged garb of antiquity.

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigensis Hist. 1719. 8vo. vol. 1. To the MS. Copy is subjoined the name of the author, RICHARD SHEALE[§]: whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland †, (fol. 42.) under the title of the HUNTS OF CHEVET, where the two following lines are also quoted;

The Persiee and the Mongumrye mette ‡.
That day, that day; that gentil day ||.

Which, tho' not quite the same as they stand in the ballad; yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand the mention of James the Scottish king †, with one or two

Anas.

* Spectator, N° 70. 74.

§ Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets, explicitly [explicit] quoth Richard Sheale.

† One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press; now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in 1540. See Anas.

‡ See Pt. 2. v. 25. || See Pt. 1. v. 104. + Pt. 2. v. 36. 140.

Anachronisms, forbid us to assign it an earlier date. King James I., who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father*, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI^{II}, but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne†. A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, altho' it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies †. There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the points of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind we may suppose gave rise to the ancient ballad of the HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT†. Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border

B 2

border

* Who died Aug. 5. 1406.

|| James I. was crowned May 22. 1424. murdered Feb. 21. 1436-7.

† In 1460.—Hen. VI. was deposed 1461: restored and slain 1471.

‡ Item. . . Concordatum est, quod, . . . NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quaecunque alicuius partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, auctiupandi, disportum aut solacium in eisdem, aliave quacunque de causa ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus . . . ad quem . . . loca . . . pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. & obtent. Vid. Bp. Nicholson's *Leges Marchiarum*. 1705. 8vo. pag. 27. 51.

† This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt. I. v. 106. Pt. 2. v. 163.

border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties: something of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN[†], a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of CHEVY CHASE, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two events together: if indeed the lines † in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. f. 29. 34. 61. 70 & passim.

THE FIRST PART.

THE Persé owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviait within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

5

The

† See the next ballad. † Vid. Pt. 2. v. 167.
V. 5. magger in Hearne's MS.

A N D B A L L A D S.

3

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away :
Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may. 10

Then the Persé owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtee meany ;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold ;
The wear chosen out of shyars thre.

This begane on a monday at morn
In Cheviat the hillys so he,
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pitté. 15

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear, 20
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every syde shear,
Grea-hondes thorewe the greves glent
For to kyll hear dear. 25

The begane in Chyvia the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day ;

B 3

Be

*Ver. 11. The the Persé. MS. V. 13. archardes bolde off
blood and bone, MS. V. 19. thorowe, MS.*

A N C I E N T S O N G S

Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hertes ded ther lay.

3d

The blewe a mort uppone the heat,
The semblyd on sydis shear ;
To the quyrre then the Perse went
To se the brytlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
This day to met me hear ;
But I wiste he wold faylle verament :
A gret oth the Perse swear.

35

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war ath the doungethie Doglas comynge ;
With him a myghtè meany,

40

Both with spear, ' byll,' and brande :
Yt was a myghti fight to se.
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Wear not in Cristiantè.

45

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good
Withouten any fayle ;
The wear borne a-long he the watter a Twyde,
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

50

Leave

V. 31. blwe a mot. MS. V. 42. myghtite. MS. *passim.*
V. 43. brylly. MS. V. 48. withowte . . . feale. MS.

A N D B A L L A D S.

7

Leave off the brytyng of the dear, he sayde,
And to your bowys tayk good heed ;
For never sifte ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle need.

The doughteti Dogglas on a stede

55

He rode his men beforne ;
His armor glytteryd as dyd a gledo ;
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me ‘ what’ men ye ar, he says,

Or whos men that ye be ;
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyvia chays in the spyt of me ?

60

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,

Yt was the good lord Perse :
We wyll not tell the ‘ what’ men we ar, he says, 65
Nor whos men that we be ;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyvia

We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way. 70
Be my troth, sayd the doughteti Dogglas agayn,
Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day.

B 4

Then

V. 52. boys lock ye tayk. MS. V. 54. ned. MS. V. 56. att
his. MS. V. 59. whos. MS. V. 64. whoys. MS. V. 71.
agay. MS.

A N C I E N T S O N G S

Then fayd the doughtè Doglas,

Unto the lord Perse :

To kyll all thes girtles men,

A-las ! it wear great pittè.

But, Perse, thowe art a lord of lande,

I am a yerle callyd within my contre ;

Let all our men uppone a parti stande ;

And do the battell off the and of me.

Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Perse,

Who-soever ther-to says nay.

Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,

Thow shalt never fe that day.

Nether in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France, 85

Nor for no man of a woman born,

But and fortune be my chance,

I dar met him on man for on,

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlondे,

Ric. Wytharynton was his nam ;

It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,

To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twa,

I am a poor squyar of lande ;

I wyll

V. 81. sayd the the. MS. V. 88. on, i. e. one. V. 93.
twaw. MS.

I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde, 95
 And stande my-selfe, and looke on,
 But whyll I may my weppone welde
 I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
 The first ~~FIT~~ here I fynde. 100
 And you wyll here any mor athe hontyng athe Chyviat
 Yet ys ther mor behynd.

THE SECOND PART.

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
 Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
 The first of arros that the shote off,
 Seven skore spear-men the slougue.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent, 5
 A captayne good yenoughe,
 And that was sene verament,
 For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his oft in thre,
 Lyk a cheffe cheften off prydē, 10
 With

V. 106. youe . . : hountyng. *MS.* *V.* 3. first, *i. e.* flight.
V. 5. byddys. *MS.*

19 A N C I E N T S O N G S

With suar speares off myghtē tre
The cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Ynglyshe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde ;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no prydē. 15

The Ynglyshe men let theā bowys be,
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright,
It was a hevy syght to se
Bryght swordes on basnites lyght. 20

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
Many sterne the stroke downe streghē,
Many a freyke, that was full fire,
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persē met,
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne ;
The swapte together tall the both swat
With swordes, that wear of s yn myllan. 25

Thes worthē freckys for to fyght
Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off theā basnetes sprengē,
As ever dyd heal or rayne. 30

Holde

V. 17. boys. MS. V. 18. briggt. MS. V. 21. thorowe.
MS. V. 22. done. MS. V. 26. to, i.e. two. Ibid. and of. MS.
V. 32. ran. MS.

A N D B A L L A D S.

xx

Holde the, Perse, said the Doglas,
And i' feth I shall the bryng
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

25

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfulliste man yet art thoue,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

48

Nay ' then' sayd the lord Perse,
I tolde it the beforne,
That I wold never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastyly
Forthe off a mightie wane,
Hit hathc strekene the yerle Duglas
In at the brest wane.

45

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe days
He spayke mo wordes but ane,
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye
may,
For my lyff days ben gan.

59

V. 33. helde. MS. V. 36. Scottish. MS. V. 49. thoroue. MS.

The

The Persē leanyde on his brande, 55
 And fawe the Duglas de ;

He tooke the dede man be the hande,
 And sayd, Wo ys me for the !

To have favyde thy lyffe I wolde have pertyd with
 My landes for years thre, 60
 For a better man of hart, hare of hande
 Was not in all the north countrē.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
 Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
 He fawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght ; 65
 He spendyd a spear a trusti tre :

He rod uppōn a corsiare
 Throughe a hondrith archery,
 He never stynytde, nar never blane
 Tyll he cam to the good lord Persē. 70

He set uppone the lorde Persē
 A dynte, that was full soare ;
 With a suar spear of a myghtē tre
 Clean thorow the body he the Persē bore,

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se, 75
 A large cloth yard and mare :
 Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantē,
 Then that day slain wear thare.

An

V. 74. ber. MS. V. 78. ther. MS.

A N D B A L L A D S.

13

An archar off Northomberlonde
 Say flean was the lord Persē,
 He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
 Was made off trusti tre :

80

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
 To th harde stèle halyde he ;
 A dynt, that was both sad and foar,
 He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

85

The dynt yt was both sad and ‘ foar,’
 That he of Mongon-byrry sete ;
 The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
 With his hart blood the wear wete.

90

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde flee,
 But still in stour dyd stand,
 Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
 With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
 An owar befor the none,
 And when even-song bell was rang
 The battell was nat half done.

95

The tooke ‘ on’ on ethar hand
 Be the lyght off the mone ;

100

Many

V. 80. Say, i. e. Sawe. MS. V. 84. haylde. MS. V. 87.
 far. MS.

Many hadde no strenght for to stande,
In Chyvia the hillys abone.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglondē
Went away but fifti and thre ;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlondē, 105
But even five and fifti :

But all wear slayne Cheviat within :
The hade no strengthe to stand on he :
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor Pittē. 110

Theare was slayne with the lord Perſe
Sir John of Agerfstone,
Sir Rogar the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthē Lovelē 115
A knyght of great renounen,
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbē
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be ; 120
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
He knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther
*V. 102. abou. MS. V. 108. strenge . . . hy. MS. V. 115.
116. MS. V. 121. in to, i. e. in two. V. 122. Yet he . . .
kny. MS.*

A N D B A L L A D S

75

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Duglas

Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,

Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,

His fiftars son was he :

125

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,

That never a foot wolde ste ;

Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,

With the Duglas dyd he dey.

130

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears

Off byrch, and hasell so 'gray' ;

Many wedous with wepyng tears,

Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,

135

Northombarlond may mayk grāt mone,

For towe such captayns, as slayne wear shear,

On the march perti shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe

To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,

140

That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,

He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,

He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me !

Such

V. 132. gay. MS. V. 136. mon. MS. V. 138. mon. MS.

Such another captayn Skotland within,
He sayd, y-feth shuld never be.

149

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persē, leyff-tenante of the Merchis,
He lay flayne Chyviat within.

150

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,
Good lord, yf thy will it be !
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,
As good as ever was he :
But Persē, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte shall be.

155

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persē,
He dyde the battel of Hombyll-down :

160

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down :
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontyng off the Cheviat ;
That tear begane this spurn :

165

Old

V. 146. ye feth, MS. V. 149, cheyff tennante. MS.

Old men that knowen the grownde well yenough,
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
Upon a monyn day :
Ther was the doughtē Doglas slean,
The Persē never went away.

Ther was héver a tym on the march partes
Sen the Doglas, and the Persē met,
But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys bete,
And to the blys us brynge !
Thus was the hountyngē of the Chevyat :
God send us all good endyng !

179

180

* * * The style of this and the following ballad is uncom-
monly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the
very coarsest and broadest northern Dialect.

Most of the sur-names in these two poems, as well as in
the modern song of Chevy Chase, will be found either in the
lists belonging to the northern counties in Fuller's Worthies, or
subscribed to treatises preserved in Nicholson's Laws of the
Borders. See also Crawfurd's Peerage.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Homeldon, was fought
Sep. 14. 1402. (anno 3. Hen. IV.) wherein the English, un-
der the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his son
Hotspur, gained a compleat victory over the Scots.

II.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and stuck in the same manner as it is record'd in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excuseable, relate it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart a French historian, who appears to be unbiased. Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the west-marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle and carried off 300 prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that in the beginning of August, they invaded Northumberland: and having wasted part of the county of Durham †, advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where*

"in

* Froissart speaks of both parties (confusing in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time: but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

† And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamborough-ward (or shire): a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bambrough.

" in a skirmish, they took a 'penon or' colours* belonging to Henry lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked the castle of Otterbourn: and in the evening of Aug. 9. (as the English writers say, or rather, according to Froissart, Aug. 15.) after an unsuccessful assault were surprized in their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But James earl of Douglas, rallying his men, there ensued one of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both armies shewing the utmost bravery †: the earl Douglas himself being slain on the spot ‡; the earl of Murrey mortally wounded; and Hotspur ††, with his brother Ralph Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have given occasion to the event of the engagement's being disputed; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many of Foix †) affirming that the Scots remained masters of the field; and the English writers insinuating the contrary. These last maintain that the English had the better of the day:

* This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Lord Percy and E. Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

† Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

‡ By Henry L. Percy according to this ballad, and our old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may believe Froissart.

|| Henry Lord Percy (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John lord Montgomery, whose eldest son Sir Hugh was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Cravfurd's Peerage (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p. 13.) but taken prisoner and exchanged for Lord Percy according to this ballad.

† Froissart (according to the Eng. Translation) says he had his account from two squires of England, and from a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.

" day : but night coming on, some of the northern lords,
 " coming with the bishop of Durham to their assistance, killed
 " many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots ; and
 " the earl of Dunbar at the same time falling on another side
 " upon Hoisbur, took him and his brother prisoners, and car-
 " ried them off while both parties were fighting. It is at
 " least certain, that immediately after this battle, the Scots
 " engaged in it made the best of their way home : and the
 " same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle.

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality ; for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties ; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. " The Englysshen on the one partie,
 " and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre, for
 " whan they mete there is a hard fighte without sparynge.
 " There is no boo* bytwene them as long as speares, swordes,
 " axes, or dagers wyll endure, but lay on ecche upon other :
 " and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party haib
 " obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so in their dedes of
 " armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall
 " be rausomed or they go out of the felde † ; so that shortly
 " ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE WITH OTHER,
 " THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE, CURTOSLY THEY
 " WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU. But in fyghtyng
 " one with another there is no plague, nor sparynge." Froissart's Chronicle (as translated by Sir John Bourchier Lord Berners) Cap. cxlii.

The following ballad is printed from a manuscript copy in the Harleian Collection [No. 293, fol. 52.] where it is intitled, " A songe made in R. 2. bis tyme of the battele of

" Otter-

* So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575. 12°. p. 61. " Heer was no bo in devout drinkyng."

† i. e. They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them linging in long captivity.

"Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percy earle of Northumberland and the earle Douglas of Scotland, Anno, 1388." — But this title is erroneous and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times: for, 1. The battle was not fought by the earl of Northumberland, who was absent, nor is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his son LORD (or as he is every where called by Freissart, as well as in this poem,) SIR HENRY PERCY. 2. Albo' the battle was fought in Richard III's time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles, see ver. 130: which he would not have done had it been a very recent event. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier, which perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor, must depend upon their priority; and this the sagacity of the reader must determine.

YT felle about the Lamas tyde,
When hosbandes 'inn' their haye,
The dughtie Douglas bowned him to ride,
In England to take a praye;

The earle of Fyffe, withouten striffe,
He bounde him over Sulway *:
The grete wold ever together ride;
That race they may rue for aye,

C 3

Over

Ver. 2. Winn their waye. MS. Winn their hay. Crawfurd's Peerage. p. 97. * Sulway strif. bounde, Vid. Gloss.

92 ANCIENT SONGS

Over Hoppertop hill they came in,
 And so doun by Rodelyffe crage,
 Upon grene Lynton they lighted doun,
 Many a stirande stage :

And boldly brent Northomberlante,
 And haried many a towne ;
 They did our Englishe men great wronge,
 To battelle that weare not ‘ bowne.’

Then spake a berne upon the bent,
 Of conforte that was not coulde,
 And said, We have brent Northomberlante,
 We have all welthe in holde.

Now we have carried all Bamboroweshire,
 All the welthe in the worlde have wee ;
 I rede we ride to New Castelle,
 So fift and stalwerthlye.

Upon the morewe, when it was daye,
 The standards shone fulle brighte ;
 To the New Castelle they tooke the waye,
 And thither they came fulle right.

Sir Henrye Percy laye at the New Castelle,
 I telle you withouten dreede ;

30
He

V. 16. bounde. MS. V. 21. Probably harried. Vid. Gleff.

He had bine a marche-man* all his dayes,
And kepte Barwicke upon Tweed.

To the New Castelle when they cam,
The Scottes they cried on height,
Sir Harye Percy, and thou beste within,
Come to the feeld, and fyghte : 35

For we have brente Northumberland,
Thy eritage good and right,
And syne my lodginge I have take,
With my brande dubbed many a knight. 40

Sir Henry ' he' came to the walles,
The Scottishe oste for to see,
And thou haste brente Northumberland,
Full sore it rueþe mee.

Yf thou haſt harried all Bambarowe shire, 45
Thou haſte done me great envie,
For the trefpas thou haſte me done,
The tone of us ſhall dye.

Wher ſhall I byde thee, ſaid the Douglas,
Or wher wilte thou come to me ? 50
" At Otterburne in the highe waye,
Theare maieste thou well ladged be.

* Marche-man, i. e. a scourger of the marches.

The 'roe' full rekeles ther she runes,

To make the game and glee :

The faulkone and the sesante bothe,

55

Amonge the holtes on 'hee'.

Theare maiste thou have thie welthe at will,

Well lodged there maiste thou be :

Yt shall not be long, or I com thes till,

60

Sayd Sir Henrye Percy.

Ther shall I byde thee, said the Douglas,

By the faithe of my bodye.

Ther shall I come, sayes Sir Harye Percy ;

My trowthe I pligte to thee.

A pipe of wyne he gave him over the walles,

65

For south, as I you saye :

Theare he made the Douglas drinke,

And all his hoste that daye.

The Douglas turned him homwarde againe,

For southe withouten naye,

70

He tooke his lodging at Otterburne

Upon a wedensdaye :

And theare he pight his standard doun,

His getinge more and leſſe,

And

V. 53. rowe. MS. V. 56. hye, MS. V. 74. leſſe. MS.

A N D B A L L A D S.

25

And syne he warned his men to goe
To choose their geldings grasse.

75

A Scottifhe knight hovered ' on the bent,'
A watche I dare well saye :
So was he ware one the noble Percye
In the dawninge of the daye.

80

He pricked to his pavilliane dore,
As fast as he might roone,
Awakene, Dowglas, cried the knight,
For his love, that sits in thron.

Awakene, Dowglas, cride the knight,
For thow maieste wakene with wynne :
Yonder have I spiede the proud Persye,
And seyene standards with him.

85

Naye by my trowthe, the Douglas sayde,
It is but a fained call :
The durste not looke one my bred bannor,
For all England to haylle.

90

Was I not yesterdye at the Newe Castell,
That stands so fayere one Tyne ?
For all the men the Percye hadde,
He could not gare me once to dyne.

95

He

V. 77. upon the best bent, MS. V. 79. one, i.e. on, for of.

26 ANCIENT SONGS

He steept out at his pavillian done,
 To looke and it were leise ;
 Arraye you, lordinges, one and all,
 For heare begyns no peace.

100

The earle of M^cntaye*, thou art my came,
 The fowarde I geve to thee :
 The earle of Hunteley kawte and keene,
 He shall with thee bee.

The lord of Bowghant in armor brighte
 One the other hande he shall be ;
 Lord Jhonstone, and lord Maxwell,
 They two shall be with me.

105

Swintone faire feilde upon your pride
 To battelle make you bowen :
 Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stewarde,
 Sir John of Agurstone,

110

The Percy came before his ofte,
 Which was ever a gentle knyghto,
 Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crie,
 I wille hould that I have highte :

115

For thowe haste brente Northumberlande,
 And done me greate envye ;

For

* The earl of M^cntay. † The lord Buchan. V. 113. 125.
 Pearcey. MS. V. 116. I will hold to what I have promised.

A N D B A L L A D S.

27

For this trespass thou haste me done,
The tone of us shall dye,

120

The Dowglas answered him againe
With greate worde upe on ' hec ',
And sayd, I have twenty against thy one,
Beholde and thou mayest see,

With that the Percy was greeved sore,
For sothe as I you saye :
Jhesu Christe in hevene on height
Did helpe him well that daye.

125

But nine thousand thear was no more,
The Chronicles will not leane ;
Forty thousand of Scots and fowere
That daye foughte them againe.

130

Upon St. Andrewe loud cane they crye,
And Christe they shout on heighte,
And syne ' marcht on ' our Englishe men,
As I have tould you righte,

135

St. George the brighte our Ladye's knigte
To name they* weare full fayne,
Our Englishe mene they cried on height,
And Christe they shoute againe.

140

With

* P. 122. highe. MS., P. 135. marked then one. MS.
i. e. the English.

With that sharpe arrowes gane up to fly,
 I tell you in fertayne,
 Men of armes begane to joyne ;
 Many a doughty man was slayne.

The Percye and the Douglas mette, 145
 That ether of other was faine,
 The swapped together, whille that they swatte,
 With swoards of ffyne Collayne ;

Tyll the blode from the bassonets ranne,
 As the rocke doth in the rayne. 150
 Yeld thee to me, sayd the Dowglas,
 Or else thowe shalte be slayne :

For I see, by thy brighte bassonete,
 Thou art some mane of myghte,
 And so I doe by thy burnished brande, 155
 Thou arte an earle, or else a knighte *.

By my good faithe, said the noble Percye,
 Now haste thou rede full righte,
 Yet will I never yeeld me to thee,
 Whille I maye stonde and fighte, 160

They swopede together, whille that they swotte,
 With swoards sharpe and longe ;

Eiche

V. 144. was theare slaine. MS. V. 147. schapped. MS.
 * Being all in armour he could not know him.

Eiche one other so faste they beete,
Tyll their helmets came in pieces downe.

The Percye was a mane of strengthe, 165
I tell you in this stownde,
He smote the Dowglas at the swords length,
That he felle to the grounde.

The swoard was sharpe and foare can byte,
I tell you in certayne ; 170
To the earle he coulde him smytle,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stondres stood still one elke syde
With many a greevous grone ;
Ther the foughte the daye, and all the nighthe, 175
And many a doughtie man was ' slone.'

Ther was no ffreke, that wold flye,
But styfy in stowre cane stand,
Eyche hewinge on other whylle they might drye,
With many a balfull brande. 180

Theare was slayne uppon the Scotes syd,
For southe and fertenlye,
Sir James Dowglas theare was slayne,
That daye that he could dye.

The earle of Mentay he was slayne,
Grisly groned upon the grounde;
Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stuard,
Sir James of Agurstonne.

18

Sir Charles Murrey in that place
That never a foote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lord he was,
Wich the Dowglas did he dye.

193

Theare was slayne upon the Scottishe syde,
For southe as I you faye,
Of four and forty thousand Scotts
Went but eighteene awaye.

105

Theare was slain upon the Englishe syde,
For southe and fertenlye,
A gentle knyghte, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more pitty.

200

Sir James Harbottle ther was slayne,
For him their harts weare soare,
The gentle ' Lovelle' thear was slayne,
That the Percyes standard boare.

Theare was slayne upon the Englyshe parte, 20;
For soothe as I you saye;

of

V. 193. Scotts. MS. but see v. 197. V. 203. Covelle. MS. —
For the names in this page and in page 14. see the ADDITIONS,
&c. at the end of vol. 3.

A N D B A L L A D S.

21

Of nine thousand Englishe mene
Fyve hundred came awaye :

The other weare slayne in the feeld,
Chrifte keepe thear fowles from wo,
Seeinge thear was so fewe frendes
Againstſ ſo manye foo.

210

Then one the morowe they made them beeres
Of byrche, and hafelle graye ;
Many a wydowe with weeping teeres
Their maks they fette away.

215

This fraye begane at Otterborne
Betweene the nighte and the daye :
Theare the Dowglas loſte his lyfe,
And the Percye was leade away.

220

Then was theare a Scottyſhe priſonere tane,
Sir Hughe Mongomerye was his name,
For ſoothe as I you ſaye
He borowed the Percye home agayne.

Nowe let us all for the Percye praye
To Jeauſie moſte of might,
To bringe his fowle to the blyſſ of heven,
For he was a gentle knight.

*V. 213. one; i. e. on. * ſc. captive, V. 225. Percyes. MS.*

III.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice, which hath been always alledged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of HUGH OF LINCOLN, a child said to have been there murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for MIRRILAND TOWN, it is probably a corruption of MILAN (called by the Dutch MEYLANDT) TOUN; since the PA is evidently the river PO.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.

THE

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
 Sae dois it doune the Pa :
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
 Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,
 Said, Will ye cum in and dine ?
 I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
 Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white
 To intice the zong thing in :
 Scho powd an apple white and reid,
 And that the sweet bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
 And low down by her gair,
 Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life ;
 A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
 And out and cam the thin ;
 And out and cam the bonny herts bluid :
 Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
 And drest him like a swine,
 And laughing said, Gae nou and pley
 With your sweet play-feres nine.

5

10

15

20

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
 Bade him lie stil and sleip.
 Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
 Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rang, and mass was sang,
 And every lady went hame :
 Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,
 Bot lady Helen had nae.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
 And fair fair gan she weip :
 And she ran into the Jewis caſtell,
 Quhan abey wer all aleip.

My bonny fir Hew, my pretty fir Hew,
 I pray thee to me speik :
 ‘ O lady rinn to the deip draw-well
 ‘ Gin ze zour soane wad feik.’

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
 And knelt upon her kae :
 My bonny fir Hew, an ze be here,
 I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, murther,
 The well is wondrous deip,
 A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
 A word I dounae speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
 Fetch me my windling sheet,
 And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,
 Its thair we twa shall meet.

50

* * * * *

IV.

SIR CAULINE.

This old Romastic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but in so defelique and mutilated a condition that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and compleat the story.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2. v. 106, that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. Any king was said to "hold a round table" when he proclaimed a tournament attended with some peculiar solemnities. See Mr. Warton's Observations, Vol. 2. p. 44.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old Romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from

36 ANCIENT SONGS

the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsells stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands; from the prince down to the meanest of his followers. See L'Introd. à l'Hist. de Dannemarc. L. v. p. 199. Memoires de la Chevalerie. Tom. 1. p. 44.

THE FIRST PART.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may'.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

5

10

15

One

A N D B A L L A D S.

37

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nyne :
And aye ! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

20

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne :
He fayes, Where is syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne ?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knyghte,
And fast his handes gan wringe :
Syr Cauline is fiche, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

25

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine :
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red ;
Lothe I were him to tine.

30

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nyne :
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?
O fiche, thou fayr ladye.

35

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee ;

D 3

For

38 ANCIENT SONGS

For it is told in my father's hall,
You dye for love of me.

40

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye :
For if you wold comfort me with a kispe,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye.

45

Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire ;
Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be yourse fete.

50

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be your bachelere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bachelere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happen to thee,) 55

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge ;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte
Untill the fayre morninge.

60

For

A N D B A L L A D S.

39

For the Eldridge knyghte, so mickle of myghte,
 Will examine you beforne :
 And never man bare life awaye, 65
 But he did him feath and scorne.

That knyghte he is a foyl paynime,
 And large of limb and bone ;
 And bat if heaven may be thy speede
 Thy life it is bat gone. 70

Newe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
 For thy sake, faire ladie :
 And Ile either bring you a ready token,
 Or Ile never more you see.

The ladye is gone to her owne chaumbere, 75
 Her maydens following bright :
 Syr Caoline lope from care-bed soone,
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
 For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rife, 80
 He walked up and downe ;
 Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
 Over the bents foyl browne :
 Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
 My life it is but gone. 85

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
 A furious wight and fell ;
 A ladye bright his brydle led,
 Clad in a fayre kyrtell :

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
 O man, I rede thee flye,
 For ‘ but’ if cryance come till thy heart,
 I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, ‘ No’ cryance comes till my heart,
 Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee ;
 For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
 The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed ;
 Syr Cauline bold abode :
 Then either shooke his trusfyre speare,
 And the timber these two children * bare
 Soe soone in sunder ‘ yode.’

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
 And layden on full faste,
 Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
 They all were well-nye draft.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
 And stiffe in stower did stande,

But

* i. e. knights. See Vol. 1. pag. 58. V. 102. flode. MS.

A N D B A L L A D S.

41

But syr Cauline with a ‘backward’ stroke,
He smote off his right-hand ;
That foone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

110

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye :
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

115

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faste wringing of her hande :
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withold that deadlye brande.

120

For the maydens love, that most you love,
Now sunyte no more I praye ;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hefts obaye,

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knigte, 125
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And therto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe : 130
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.

The

Ver. 109. *aukeward. MS.*

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfull sigh ;
And sware to obey syr Caulines heft,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr cattel are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knighthes that had be stonne.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint :
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree :
I-wys he neither fint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay :
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills ;
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cawline,
 Thrice welcome unto mee,
 For now I perceive thou art a true knighe,
 Of valour bolde and free.

160

O ladye, I am thy own true knighe,
 Thy hefts for to obeye :
 And mought I hope to winne thy love ! —
 Ne more his toage colde faye.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde, 165
 And fette a gentill fighe :
 Alas ! syr knight how may this bee,
 For my degree's soe highe ?

But fith thou haft hight, thou comely youth,
 To be my batchilere, 170
 Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
 I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
 Towards that knighe so fret :
 He gave to it one gentill kisffe, 175
 His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
 The teares sterte from his ey.

But keep my tounsayl, syr Cawline,
 Ne let no man it knowe ;

For

For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us floe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre.
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte :
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his fight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

P A R T T H E S E C O N D .

E VERYE white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its fowre :
This founde the ladye Christabell
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyngaire :

A N D B A L L A D S.

45

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearey feet,
He found his daughter and syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

10

The kinge hee sterted forthe, I-wys,
And an angrye man was hee :
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie.

15

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe :
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

20

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee :
I praye you save syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shal be sent
Across the salt sea fome :
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

25

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye ;

30
And

And many a time he fighed sore,
 And cast a wistfull eye :
 Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
 Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
 Was had forthe of the towre ;
 But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
 As nipt by an ungentle wind
 Doth some faire lillyc flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weape
 To tint her lover soe :
 Syr Cauline, thou little think'ft on mee,
 But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
 And lords of high degree,
 Did sue to that fayre ladye of loye ;
 But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a day was past and gone,
 Ne comforte she colde finde,
 The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
 The cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came knights,
 Fro manye a faire countrye,

A N D B A L L A D S.

47

To break a spare for theyr ladyes love 55
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle :
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all. 60

Then manye a knyghte was mickle of myght
Before his ladye gaye ;
But a straunger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his shaelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
Whan they came out the feside.

And now three days were prestlyc past 70
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle fight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere ;
Two goggling eyen like fire sarden,
A mouthe from eare to eare. 75

Before

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldain !
Behold these heads I beare with me !
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knyght is his owne cousiné,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent :
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knyghtes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne :
And but thou yelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king; must goe with mee ;
Or else thy daughter deere ;
Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe :

A N D B A L L A D S.

49

Is there never a knyghte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knyghte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldān,
Right fair his meede shall bee. 105

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne faire Christabelle
To be his wedded fere. 110

But every knyghte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldān,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she fawne no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gush'd from her eye. 115

Up then sterte the stranger knyghte,
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd:
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldān,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made. 120

50 ANCIENT SONGS

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
 That lyeth within thy bowre,
 I truse in Christe for to slay this fiende 12
 Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
 The kinge he cryde, with spedee :
 Nowe heaven affist thee, courteous knighte ;
 My daughter is thy meede. 13

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
 And sayd, Awaye, awaye :
 I sware, as I am the hend soldan,
 Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came 135
 In his blacke armoure dight :
 The ladye fighed a gentle figh,
 " That this were my true knighte ! "

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
 Within the lists soe broad ; 140
 And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
 They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
 That made him reele asyde ;
 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye, 145
 And thrice she deeply fighde.

The

S A N D B A L L A D S. 51

The soldan stricke a second stroke,
That made the blonde to flowe :
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe. 150

The soldan stricke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knigte on his knee :
Sad sorrow pierc'd that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shrekings three.

The knigtes he leapt upon his feete, 155
All recklesse of the pain :
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my spede,
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and michtie,
And spying a secrette part, 160
He drove it into the soldan's fyde,
And pierc'd him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shouthe,
Whan they sawe the soldan falle :
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ, 165
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped intō the listes
That curteous knigte to greete. 170
E 2 But

52 ANCIENT SONGS

But he for Payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen intò a swounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore,
Laye lifeleſſe on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare
Thou art a leeche of skille ;
Farre lever had I lost halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him if she maye ;
But when she did his beavere raiſe,
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shriekte and swound away.

Sir Cauline jufte lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love,
For thee I wifht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in deathe,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knights
Indeed was dead and gone,

Shee layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane.

295

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee thy faithfull feere ;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who haft bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deepe-fette fighe,
That burste her gentle hearte in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

200

V.

E D W A R D, E D W A R D,

A S C O T T I S H B A L L A D,

From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

Q U H Y dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward ?

Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid ?

And quhy sae sad gang zee, O ?

O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,

Mither, mither :

E 3

5

O, I

54 ANCIENT SONGS

O, I hae killed my hawkis bluid q
And I had nae mair bot mee; O.

Zour hawkis bluid was nevir sae reid;
Edward, Edward.

Zour hawkis bluid was nevir sae reid;
My deir son I tell thee, O.

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and frie, O.

10

15

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward :

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O.

20

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my fadir deir
Alas ! and wae is mee, O !

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that ?
Edward, Edward.

25

And quhatten penance will ze drie for that ?
My deir son, now tell me, O ;

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:

30

Ille

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha', 35
That were fae fair to see, O?
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O. 40

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?
The warldis room, late them beg thræ life, 45
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let them beg thræ life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward: 50
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
My deir son, now tell mee, O.
The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Mither, mither:
E 4 The

The curse of hell fræ me fall ze beir,
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

55

VI.

KING ESTMERE.

This old Romantic Legend, (which is preserved in the Editor's folio MS) bears marks of great antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mabometans are spoken of in v. 49, &c. just in the same terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient Legend of Sir BEVIS, represents his hero upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

"Mabound and Termagaunte †;"

And so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower,

*"I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde,
"To speake with an heathen bounde.
"Unechristen boundes, I rede you fle,
"Or I your harte bloud shall se †."*

*Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere
"A christen bounde"?*

This

† See at the end of this ballad, Note ††

† Sign. C. ij. b. * Sign. C. j. b.

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages : perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for the situations in which he has placed some of his royal personages. That a youthful monarch should take a journey into another kingdom to visit his mistress incog. was a piece of gallantry paralleled in our own Charles I. but that king Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic †. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see in this ballad, the character of the old minstrels, (those successors of the bards) raised much higher than he has yet observed it || : here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony : no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous king Alfred made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and found no difficulty to gain admittance to the king's headquarters *. Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of

the

† Odyss. a. 105.

|| See vol. 2. p. 163.

* Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find minstrels and heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxl.

the great reverence paid to that order of men. Harold Harfax, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court : and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate †.— As to Eftmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry ; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster hall during the coronation dinner.

Hearken to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare ;
He tell you of two of the boldest brethren,
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,
The tother was kyng Eftmere ;
The were as bolde men in their deedes,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Eftmeres halle :
Whan will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to gladd us all ?

Then bespake him kyng Eftmere,
And answered him haftilee :

I knowe

† Mallet, *Introd. a l'Hist. de Danois et de Norvège*, p. 240. Bartholinus
Antiq. Dan. p. 173.

I knowe not that ladye in any lande,
That is able * to marry with mee.

15

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene ;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be queene.

20

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merrye Englaund,
Where we might find a messenger
Betweene us two to sende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother, 25
Ile bear you compahee ;
Many throughhe fals messengers are deceivde,
And I feare lest foe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steedes, 30
And when they came to kyng Adlands halle,
Of red golde shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands halle
Before the goodlye yate,
Ther they found good kyng Adländ
Rearing himselfe theratt. 35

Nowe

* He means, fit, suitable.

Nowe Christ thee save, good kyng Adland;
 Nowe Christ thee save and see,
 Sayd, you be welcome, kyng Estmere,
 Right hartilye unto mee,

You have a daughter, sayd Adler yonge,
 Men call her bright and sheene,
 My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
 Of Englande to bee queene.

Yesterdaye was at my deare daughtè
 Syr Bremon the kyng of Spayne;
 And then shee nicked him of naye,
 I feare sheele do youe the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynime,
 And 'leeveth on Mahound;
 And pitye it were that fayre ladye
 Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
 For my love I you praye,
 That I may see your daughter deare
 Before I goe hence awaye.

Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more
 Syth my daughter was in halle,
 Shee shall come downe once for your sake
 To glad my guesstes all.

60
Downe

A N D B A L L A D S.

61.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes lacede in pall,
And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall ;
And eke as manye gentle squieres,
To waite upon them all.

63

The talents of golde, were on her head sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee ;
And everye ryng on her smalle fingèr,
Shone of the chrystall free.

70

Sayes, Christ you save, my deare madame ;
Sayes, Christ you save and see.
Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And iff you love me, as you faye,
So well and hartilee,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt may bee.

75

Then bespake her father deare :
My daughter, I faye naye ;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

80

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe :

And

And ever I feare that paynim kynge,
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of that foule paynim
Wee neede not stande in doubte.

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmere,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he plyght his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knigthes;
That married the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempes many a one.

But

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
 With manye a grimme bardone,
 Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter
 Tother daye to carrie her home.

110

Then shee sent after kyng Estmère
 In all the spedē might bee,
 That he must either returne and fighete,
 Or goe home and lose his ladye.

One whyle then the page he went,
 Another whyle he ranne ;
 Till he had oretaken kyng Estmara
 I-wis, he never blannte.

115

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Estmere !
 What tydinges nowe, my boye ?
 O tydinges I can tell to you,
 That will you fore annoye.

120

You had not ridden scant a myle,
 A myle out of the towne,
 But in did come the kyng of Spayne
 With kempes manye a one :

125

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
 With manye a grimme bardone,
 Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,
 Tother daye to carrie her home.

130

That

That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
 And ever-more well by mee :
 You must either turne againe and fighte,
 Or goe home and lose your ladye.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
 My reade shall ryde † at thee,
 Whiche wāye we best may turnē and fighte,
 To save this fayre ladye.

Now hearken to me, fayes Adler yonge,
 And your reade must rise † at me,
 I quicklye will devise a wāyē
 To sette thy ladye frē.

My mother was a westerne wōman,
 And learned in gramarye *,
 And when I learned at the schole,
 Something shée taught itt mée.

There groweth an hearbe within this fieldē,
 And iff it were but knownē,
 His color, which is whyte and redd,
 Itt will make blacke and browne :

His color, which is browne and blacke,
 Itt will make redd and whyte ;

†† sic. • See at the end of this ballad, Note **.

That sworde is not in all Englaude,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrée ;
And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighte,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shall be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand ;
And I will be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this land.

Itt shal be written in our forheads
All and in gramaryè,
That we towe are the boldest men,
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On towe good renish steedes ;
And whan they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr :

Sayes, Christ thee save and see.

Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,

Of what land soever ye bee.

We been harpers, sayd Adler yonge,

Come out of the northe countrée ;

We beene come hither untill this place,

This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,

As it is blacke and browne,

Ild saye king Estmère and his brother

Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,

Layd it on the porters arme :

And ever we will thee, proud portèr,

Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,

And sore he handled the ryng,

Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,

He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmère he light off his steede

Up att the fayre hall board ;

The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,

Light on kyng Brémors beard.

Sayes, Stable thou stede, thou proud harper,

Goe stable him in the stalle;

200

Itt doth not beseeme a proud harper

To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My ladd he is so lither, he sayd,

He will do nought that's meeete;

And aye that I cold but find the man,

205

Were able him to beate.

Thou speakeft proud wordes, sayd the Paynim kyng,

Thou harper here to mee;

There is a man within this halle,

That will beate thy lad and thee.

210

O lett that man come downe, he sayd,

A fight of him wolde I see;

And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,

Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperrye man,

215

And looked him in the eare;

For all the golde, that was under heaven,

He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,

And how what aileth thee?

220

He sayes, Itt is written in his forehead

All and in gramarye,

F 2

That

That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe, 22
And playd theron so sweete :
Upstarte the ladye from the kynge,
As hee fete at the meate.

Nowe stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
Now stay thy harpe, I say ; 23
For an thou playest as thou beginhest,
Thou'l till my bride awaye.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free ;
The ladye was so pleasede theratt, 23
She laught loud laughters three.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, sayd the kyng of Spayne.
Thy harpe and ftryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As there be ftryngs thereon. 24

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
Iff I did sell it yee ?
To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,
When abed together we bee.

Now sell me, syr kyng, thy bryde soe gay,
As shhee fitts faced in pall,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As there be rings in the hall.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde so gay,
If I did sell her yee ?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee than thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
“ O ladye, this is thy owne true love ;
“ Noe harper but a kyng.

“ O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
“ As playnlye thou mayest see ;
“ And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
“ Who partes thy love and thee.”

The ladye louked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath sir Bremor slayne.

Up then rose the kempervye men,
And loud they gan to crye :
Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,

And swith he drew his brand;

270

And Estmere he, and Adler yonge

Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,

Throughe help of gramarye,

That soone they have slayne the kemperry men, 275.

Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,

And marryed her to his wyfe,

And brought her home to merrye Englaund

With her to leade his lyfe.

280

* * * The word GRAMARYE occurs several times in the foregoing poem, and every where seems to signify Magic or some kind of supernatural science. I know not whence to derive it, unless it be from the word GRAMMAR: in those dark and ignorant ages when it was thought a high degree of learning to be able to read and write; he who had made a little farther progress in literature might well pass for a conjurer or magician.

††† TERMAGAUNT (p. 56.) is the name given in the old Romances to the God of the Saracens. Thus in the Legend of SYR GUY the Soudan (Sultan) jwears,

" So helpe me Mabowne of might,

" And Termagaunt my God so bright."

Sign. P. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon Typ Very, and Magan Mighty.— After the times of the Crusades, both MAHOUND and TERMAGAUNT made their constant appearance in the Pageants and

and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of *Wolsty*,

“ *Lyke Mabound in a play,*
“ *No man dare him withjaye.*”

Ed. 1736. p. 158.

And Bale in his *Acts of English Votaries*, pt. 2d. says—
“ *Grennyng like Termagauntes in a play.*”—Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet’s expression in Shakespeare, where condemning a ranting player he says, “ *I could have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing TERMAGANT: it out-Herod’s Herod.*” A. 3. sc. 3. By degrees the word came to be applied to any outrageous turbulent person †, and at last to a violent brawling woman only; and this the rather as, I suppose, the ancient figure of TERMAGANT was represented, after the Eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

† So Mr. Johnſ. in his *Diſc.*

VII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE, A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— is given from two MS copies transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet am of opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas, were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the III, (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards) “ That there be no ship fraughted out of the realm with any staple gudes, fra the feast of Simons day and Jude, unto the feast of the purification our Lady called Candelmas.” Jam. III. Part 2. Ch. 15.

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral who flourished in the time of our Edw. IV. but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.

THE king sits in Dumferling toun,
Drinking the blude-reid wine :
O quhar will I get guid saildr,
To sail this schip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne :
Sir Patrick Spence is the best saildr,
That fails upon the se.

The king has written a braid lettèr,
And signd it wi' his hand ;
And sent it to sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he :
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me ;
To send me out this time o'the zeir,
To sail upon the se ?

5

10

15

20

Mak

Mak hafte, mak hafte, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip fails the morne.
 O say na fae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie strome.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone 25
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
 That we will cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet their cork-heild shooone ; 30
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
 Thair hats they swam aboone,

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 35
 Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
 Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair, 40

Have owre, have owr to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deip :
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit,

VIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

The Reader has here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter, and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer, was loss of eyes and castration : a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti, which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all these, none ever was more famous than the hero of this ballad : the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlawes, among the

" which Robert Hood, and Little John, renowned theives,
 " continued in woods, dispoysling and robbing the goods of
 " the rich. They killed none but such as would invade
 " them, or by resistance for their own defence.

" The saide Robert intretained an hundred tall men and
 " good archers with such spoiles and thefis as he got, upon
 " whom four hundred (were they never so strong) durst not
 " give the onset. He suffred no woman to be oppressed, vio-
 " lated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared,
 " abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he
 " got from abbeys and the houses of rich carles: whom
 " Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft,
 " but of all theives be affirmeth him to be the prince and the
 " most gentle theefe." *Annals*, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which a late antiquary pretends was formerly legible on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirk-lees in Yorkshire, where he is said to have been bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for plebotomy.

Pear undernead dis laitl stean
 Laiz robert earl of Huntington
 nea arcir ver az hie sae geud
 an pipl kauld im robin heud
 sick uelawz as hi an iz men
 vil Englaund nibin si agen.
 obiit 24 hal. dehentiqs. 1247.

See Thoresby's Ducat. Lead. p. 576. Biog. Brit. VI. 3933.

It must be confessed this epitaph is suspicious, because in the most ancient poems on Robin Hood, there is no mention or hint of this imaginary earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge † in eight FYTTES or parts, printed in black letter quarto, thus inscribed “Here beginneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and his meyne and of the proud þeryfe of Nottingham.” The first lines are,*

“ Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,
“ That be of fre bore blode :
“ I shall you tell of a good YEMAN,
“ His name was Robin hode.

“ Robyn was a proude out larwe,
“ Whiles he walked on grounde ;
“ So curteysē an outlarwe as he was one,
“ Was never none yffounde.” &c.

The printer's colophon is “ Explicit Kynge Edward
“ and Robyn hode and lytell Robyn. Enprented at London in
“ Fleteſtrete at the sygne of the ſone by Wynkyn de Worde.”
— In Mr. Garrick's Collection ‡ is a different edition of the
same poem “ Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane
“ wharfe by Wylliam Copland,” containing a little dramatic
piece on the ſubject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found
in the former copy called “ A newe play for to be played in
“ Maye games very plesaunte and full of paſtyme. (•.)”

* See also the following ballad, v. 147. † Num. D. 5. 2.
‡ Old Plays 4to. K. vol. 10.

WHAN shales beene sheene, and shraddes full fayre,
 And leaves both large and longe,
 It's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
 To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweete sang, and wold not cease,
 Sitting upon the spraye,
 Soe lowde he wakend Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by faye, said jollye Robin,
 A sweaven I had this night ;
 I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beate and bindē,
 And tooke my bowe me froc ;
 If I be Robin alive in this lande,
 Ile be wroken on them towē.

Sweavens are swift, sayd lyttle John,
 As the wind blowes over the hill ;
 For iff itt be never so loude this night,
 To morrow it may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
 And John shall goe with mee,
 For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,
 In greenwood where they bee.

Then

78 ANCIENT SONGS

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
 And tooke theyr bowes ech one ;
 And they away to the greene forrest
 A shooting forth are gone ;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
 Where they had gladdest to bee,
 There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
 That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his fide,
 Of manye a man the bane,
 And he was clad in his capull hyde
 Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth litle John,
 Under this tree so grene,
 And I will go to yond wight yeoman
 To know what he doth meane.

Ah ! John, by me thou settest noe store,
 And that I farley finde :
 How often send I my men before,
 And tarry my selfe behinde ?

It is no curning a knave to ken,
 And a man but heare him speake ;
 And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
 John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John ;
And John is gone to Barnesdale :
The gates † he knoweth echē one.

50

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellowes
Were slaine both in a flade.

55

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Fast over stocke and stome,
For the proud sherrife with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

60

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne ;
Ile make yond sherrife that wends soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fettelel him to shoote :
The bow was made of tender boughes,
And fell downe at his foote,

65

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree ;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

70

† i. e. *passes, paths, ridings.*

His

His shooote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the sherriffes men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth Joh
If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fay
“ Good morrowe, good fellow quo’ hee :”
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

A N D B A L L A D S.

81

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin ;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

100

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood ;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see :
But first let us soime pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

105

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meeete with Robin Hood
Here at some unsett steven.

110

They cutt them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And sett them threescore rood in twaine
To shooote the prickes y-fere.

115

Leade on, good fellowe, quo' Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

120

82 ANCIENT SONGS

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro :
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shot within the garländ :
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A bleffing upon thy heart, he sayd ;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode ;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime sworne,
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisbörne.

My dwelling is in this wood, 'sayers Robin,
By thee I set right nought :
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long haft fought.

He that had neyther beene kith nor kin,
 Might have seen a full fayre sight,
 To see how together these yeomen went
 With blades both browne and bright.

145

To see how these yeomen together they fought
 Two howres of a summers day :
 Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Gay
 Them settled to fye away.

150

Robin was reachles on a roote,
 And stumbled at that tyde ;
 And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
 And hitt him upon the syde.

155

Ah deere Ladye, sayd Robin Hoode tho,
 That art but mother and may',
 I think it was never mans destinye
 To dye before his day.

160

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
 And soone leapt up againe,
 And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,
 And he sir Guy hath slayne.

He tooke sir Guys head by the hayre,
 And stucke it upon his bowes end :
 Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,
 Which thing must have an end.

165

G 2

Robin

Ver. 163. awkwarde. MS.

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
 And nicked sir Guy in the face,
 That he was never on woman born,
 Cold know whose head it was.

170

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,
 And with me be not wrothe ;
 Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand, 175
 Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
 And on Sir Guy did throwe,
 And hee put on that capull hyde,
 That cladd him topp to toe.

180

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and hitle horne,
 Now with me I will beare ;
 For I will away to Barnesdale,
 To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth, 185
 And a loud blast in it did blow.
 That beheard the sherriffe of Nottingham,
 As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sherriffe,
 I heare nowe tydings good,
 For yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blow,
 And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

190

Yond

Yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,
 Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
 And yonder comes that wightye yeoman, 195
 Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,
 Aske what thou wilt of mee.
 O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
 Nor I will none of thy fee : 200

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
 Let me goe strike the knave,
 For this is all the meede I aske,
 None other rewarde I'le have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sherriffe, 205
 Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee :
 But seeing thy asking hath beeene soe bad,
 Well granted it shal bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,
 Well knewe he it was his steven : 210
 Now shall I be looset, quoth Little John,
 With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
 He thought to loose him blive ;
 The sherriffe and all his compayne 215
 Faste after him can drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;

Why draw you mee so neere?

Itt was never the use in our countrye,

Ones shrift another shold heere,

22—

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,

And losed John hand and foote,

And gave him fir Guyes bowe into his hand,

And bade it be his boote.

Then John he tooke Guyes bowe in his hand, 225

His boltes and arrowes eche one:

When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,

He setteld him to be gone.

Towards his houfe in Nottingham towne,

He fled full fast away;

230

And see did all the companye;

Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,

Nor away soe fast cold ryde,

But Little John with an arrowe soe broad,

235

He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.

* * The Title of Sir was not formerly peculiar to Knights; it was given to Priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

IX.

THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

The Reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of STEPHEN HAWES, a celebrated poet in the reign of Hen. VII, who' now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505.) intituled, "The Hisf. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel; called the " Palace of Pleasure, &c." 4to. 1555. See more of Hawes in Ab. Ox. v. I. p. 6. and Warton's Observ. v. 2. p. 105. The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. "How "Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with "Governaunce and Grace, and how he went to the Tower "of Doctrine."—As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the Reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

I Loked about and sawe a craggy roche,
 Farre in the west neare to the element,
 And as I dyd then unto it approche,
 Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent
 The royll tower of MORALL DOCUMENT, 5
 Made of fine copper with turrets faire and hye,
 Which against Phebus shone so marveylously,
 That for the very perfect brightenes
 What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne,
 I could nothing behold the goodlines 10
 Of that palacie, whereas Doctrine did wonne;
 Till at the last, with mystie wyndes donne,
 The radiant brightness of golden Phebus
 Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrous.

Then to the tower I drew nere and nere,
 And often mused of the great hyghnes
 Of the craggy roche, which quadrant did appere :
 But the fayre tower, (so much of ryghtes
 Was all about,) sexangled doubtless ;
 Gargeyld with grayhounds, and with many lyons,
 Made of fyne golde, with divers sundry dragons.

The little turrett with ymages of golde
 About was set, which with the wynde aye movec
 With proper vices, that I did well beholde
 About the towre : in sundry wyse they hoved
 With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,
 That with the winde they pyped a daunce
 Iclipped *Amour de la bault plesaunce*.

The toure was great of marveylous wýdnés,
 To which ther was no way to passe but one,
 Into the toure for to have an intrés :
 A grece ther was ychyseler all of stone
 Out of the rocke, on whyche mea did gōne
 Up to the toure, and in lykewyse did I
 Wyth both the Grayhoundes in my company † :

Till that I came unto a ryall gate,
 Wher I fawe stondyng the goodly Pörtres,
 Whych exed me from whence I came alate ;
 To whom I gan in every thinge expresse
 All myne adventure, chaunce, and businesse,
 And eke my name ; I tolde her every dell :
 When she hard this she lyked me full well.

† This alludes to a former part of the Poem.

Her name, she sayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE ;
 Into the base courte she dyd me then lede,
 Where was a fountayne depured of pleasaunce, 45
 A noble spryng, a riall conduyte hede,
 Made of fyne golde enameled with reed ;
 And on the toppe four dragons blewe and stoute
 The dulcet water in four parts dyd spoute.

Of whyche ther flowed foure ryvers ryght clere, 50
 Sweter than Nylus† or Ganges was ther odoure ;
 Tygres or Eufrates unto them no pere :
 I did than taste th' aromatyke licoure
 Fragrant of fume, and swete as any floure,
 And in my mouthe it had a marveylous scent 55
 Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought
 Dame Countenaunce into a goodlye Hall,
 Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought :
 The wyndowes clere depured all of crystall,
 And in the roufe on hie over all
 Of gold was made a ryght crafty vyne,
 Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,
 With pillars made of stones pretious, 65
 Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,
 It might be called a palace gloriouſ,
 So much delectable and folacious :
 The hall was hanged hye and circuler
 With clothe of arras in the richest manner. 70

That treated well of a ful noble story,
 Of the doute ye waye to the Tower Perillous ; †
 Howe a noble knyghte shoulde winne the victory
 Of many a serpent foule and odious.

• * • * • *

† *The Story of the Poem.*

X.

T H E C H I L D O F E L L E,

— is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio M which tho' extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt completion of the story. The Reader will easily discover supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artifices of the original.

CHILD was a title sometimes given to a knight. See G.

ON yonder hill a castle standes,
 With walles and towres bedight,
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A young and comely knyghte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 Whan, lo ! he beheld fair Emmelines page
 Come tripping downe the dale.

T

The Childe of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he stooode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

10

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see !
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee ?

15

My lady shee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne ;
And aye shee lamentes the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

20

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde
The last boone thou mayft have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan shee is layde in grave.

25

For ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbidde her to thinke of thee.

30

Her

Her fathir hath brought her a carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 And within three dayes shee must him wedde, 35
 Or he vowed he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
 And greet thy ladye from mee,
 And telle her that I her owne true love
 Will dye, or sette her free. 40

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
 And let thy fair ladye know
 This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,
 Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne, 45
 He neither stant ne stayd
 Untill he came to faire Emmelines bowre,
 Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
 And he greets thee well by mee ;
 This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
 And dye or sette thee free. 50

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
 And all were fast asleepe,
 All save the ladye Emmeline,
 Who late in her bowre to weepe : 55

And

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
 Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
 Tis I thy true love call.

60

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
 Come, mount this faire palfraye :
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
 Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight, 65
 Now nay, this may not bee ;
 For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
 If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knight so true
 Mayft safelye wend alone, 70
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
 Where marriage shall make us one.

“ **M**y father he is a baron bolde,
 Of lynage proude and hyc ;
And what would he saye if his daughtèr
 Awaye with a knight should fly ?

75

Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,
 Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
 And seene thy deare hearts bloode.”

80
O ladye,

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
 And a little space him fro,
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette,
 And once without this walle,
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
 Nor the worst that might befallé.

Faire Emmeline sighde, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe :
 At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,
 And downe the ladder hee drewe :

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
 And kist her tenderlie :
 The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
 And her on a faire palfraye,
 And flung his bugle about his necke,
 And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this heheard her owne damselle,
 In her bed whereas shee ley,
 Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
 Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awa

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde ! 105

Awake, my noble dame !

Your daughter is fledde, with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,

And callde his merrye men all :

“ And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall.”

Fair Emmeline scānt had ridden a mile,

A mile forth of the towne,

When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe : 115

And foremost came the carlish knight,

Sir John of the north countrāye :

“ Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitōre,
Nor carry that ladye awaye. 120

For she is come of hye lynāge,

And was of a ladye borne,

And ill it beseems thee a false churles sonne
To carrye her hence to scorne.”

Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight,

Nowe thou doest lye of mee ;

A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

96 ANCIENT SONGS

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
 Light downe, and hold my steed,
 While I and this discourteous knighte
 Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light nowe downe, my deare ladye,
 Light downe, and hold my horse ;
 While I and this discourteous knight
 Doe trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline sighde, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe,
 While twixt her love, and the carlish knight
 Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
 As his weapon he wavde amaine,
 That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
 And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
 Full fast approached nye :
 Ah ! what may ladye Emmeline doe ?
 Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
 And blew both loud and shrrill,
 And soone he saw his owne merry men
 Come ryding over the hill.

“ N

" Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold bardon,
 I pray thee, hold thy hand,
 Nor ruthles rend two gentle hearts,
 Fast knit in true loves band.

155

Thy daughter I have dearly loude
 Full long and many a day,
 But with such love as holy kirke
 Hath freelye sayd wee may,

160

O give consent, shee may be mine,
 And bleffe a faithfull paire:
 My lands and livings are not small,
 My house and lynage faire:

My mother she was an erles daughter,
 A noble knyght my fire —
 The baron he frownde, and turnde away
 With mickle dole and ire.

165

Fair Emmeline fighde, faire Emmeline wept,
 And did all tremblinge stand :
 At lengthe she sprange upon her knee,
 And held his lifted hand.

170

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
 This faire yong knyght and mee ;
 Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
 I ne'er had fled from thee.

175

98 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Oft have you calide your Emmeline
 Your darling and your joye ;
 O let not then your harsh resolues
 Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
 And turnde his heade asyde
 To whipe awaye the starting teare,
 He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stooede,
 And musde a little space ;
 Then raisde faire Emmeline from the grounde,
 With many a fond embrase.

Here take her, child of Elle, he sayd,
 And gave her lillye hand,
 Here take my deare and only child,
 And with her half my land :

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
 In dayes of youthful pride ;
 Do thou the injurye repayre
 In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
 Heaven prosper thee and thine :
 And nowe my blesing wend wr thee,
 My lovelye Emmeline.

XI.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Paul, MDCCLV. 8vo. 12 pages.—We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple Bart, who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is intituled CAPTAIN ADAM CARRE, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within 20 miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The Castle of the Rhodes is fixed by tradition in the neighbourhood of Dunse in Berwickshire. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county. Whether this ballad hath any foundation in fact, we have not been able to discover. It contains however but too just a picture of the violence practised in the feudal times all over Europe.

100 ANCIENT SONGS

From the different titles of this ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their bearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blameworthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further west, and vice versa. In another volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of GIL MORRIS, the hero of which had different names given him, probably from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the English copy, instead of the "Castle of the Rhodes," it is the "Castle of Bitton-borrow" (or "Dialectours-borrow," for it is very obscurely written) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
Quhen the wind blew schril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
We maun draw to a hauld.

And quhat a hauld fall we draw to,
My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the house o' the Rhodes,
To see that fair ladie.

The lady stude on hir castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down:
There she was ware of a host of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

10

O see

A N D B A L L A D S.

101

O see ze nat, my mirry men a' ?

O see ze nat quhat I see ?

Methinks I see a host of men :

15

I merveil quha they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,

As he cam ryding hame ;

It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,

Quha reckt nae sin nor shame.

20

She had nae sooner buskit hirsel,

And putten on hir goun,

Till Edom o' Gordon and his men

Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,

25

Nae sooner said the grace,

Till Edom o' Gordon and his men,

Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,

Sa fast as she could drie,

30

To see if by hir fair speechès

She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady saif,

And hir yates all locked fast;

He fell into a rage of wrath,

35

And his hart was all aghast.

302 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
 Cum doun, cum doun to me :
 This night fall ye lig within mine armes,
 To morrow my bride sal be.

I winnae cum doun, ze false Gordon,
 I winnae cum down to thee ;
 I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
 That is fae far frae me.

Give owre zour hause, ze lady fair,
 Give owre zour hause to me,
 Or I fall brenn yoursel therein,
 Bot and zour babes threes.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordon,
 To nae sik traitor as zee ;
 And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
 My lord fall make ze drie.

But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
 And charge ze weil my gun :
 For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
 My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,
 And let twa bullets flee :
 She mist that bluidy butchers hart,
 And only raz'd his knce.

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gorddn,
 All wood wi' dule and ire :
 Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,
 As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
 I paid ze weil zour fee ; 65
 Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
 Lets in the reek to me ?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
 I paid ze weil zour hire ; 70
 Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
 To me lets in the fire ?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady ;
 Ze paid me weil my fee :
 But now Ime Edom o' Gordons man,
 Mann either doe or die. 75

O than bespaik hir little son,
 Sate on the nourice' knęc :
 Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this house,
 For the reek it smithers me. 80

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
 Saē wad I a' my fee,
 For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
 To blow the reek frae thee.

O then bespaik hir dochter dear,
 She was baith jimp and sma :
 O row me in a pair o' sheits,
 And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
 And towd hir owre the wa :
 But on the point of Gordons spear,
 She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
 And cherry wer hir cheiks,
 And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
 Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,
 O gin hir face was wan !
 He sayd, Ze are the first that eir
 I wisht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre again,
 O gin hir skin was whyte !
 I might ha spared that bonnie face
 To hae been sum mans delyte.

V. 98, 102. O gin, &c. a Scottish idiom to express great au-
 ration.

Busk and boun, my merry men a',
 For ill dooms I do guesf ;
 I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
 As it lies on the grafs.

105

Thame, luiks to freits, my master deir,
 Then freits wil follow thame :
 Let it neir be faid brave Edom o' Gordon
 Was daunted by a dame.

110

But quhen the ladye see the fire
 Cum flaming owre hir head,
 She wept and kist hir children twain,
 Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

115

The Gordon then his bougill blew,
 And faid, Awa', awa' ;
 This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
 I hauld it time to ga'.

120

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,
 As hee cam owre the lee ;
 He fied his castle all in blaze
 Sa far as he could see.

V. 109, 110. Thame, &c. i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.

Then

306 ANCIENT SONGS

Then fair, O fair his mind misgave,

And all his hart was wae:

Put on, put on, my wighty men,

Sa fast as ze can gae,

Put on, put on, my wighty men,

So fast as ze can drie;

For he that is hindmost of the thrang,

Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,

Fou fast out-owre the bent;

But eir the foremost could get up,

Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,

And wept in teenesu' muid:

O traitors, for this cruel deid

Ze fall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,

Sa fast as he might drie;

And soon i' the Gordon's foul harti bluid,

He's wroken his dear ladie.

XII.

A N E L E G Y
 ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTH-
 HUMBERLAND.

As it was proposed to give specimens of the composition of most of our ancient poets, the reader has here an ELEGY of SKELTON's: yet as this is some little deviation from our plan, we chuse to throw it to the end of the FIRST BOOK, though evidently written before some of the preceding.

The subject of this poem is the death of HENRY PERCY, fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house and murdered him with several of his attendants: who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, April 28. 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.

If

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best) he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having among his menial servants, KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, and even BARONS: see v. 32. 183. &c. Which however different from modern manners, was not unusual with our greater barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the Lacos against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

JOHN SKELTON, who commonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June 21. 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient edition of his poems in bl. let. 12mo. 1568.—It is addressed to Henry fifth earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metrice
alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis,
Quæque suo patri tristia justa ***
. At ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.
Qui leo sit felix, & Nestoris occupet annos,
Ad libitum cuius ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLOURS DETHE AND MUCH
LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOST HONORABLE
ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I Wayle, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore
The dedely fate, the dolefulle desteny
Of hym that is gone, alas! without restore,

Of

Of the bloud + royall descending nobelly ;
 Whose lordshyp doutles, was slayne lamentably 5
 Thorow treson again him compassed and wrought.
 Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name
 In the colege of musis goddes hystoriall,
 Adres the to me, whiche am both halt I lame 10
 In elect uteraunce to make memoryall :
 To the for souccour, to the for helpe I call
 Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell
 With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde, 15
 Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate,
 By thy report ar wont to be extold,
 Regestringe trewly every formaré date ;
 Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,
 Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy noblès, 20
 These fowrfulle ditès that I may shew expres.

In sesons past who hath herde or sene
 Of formar writyng by any presidente
 That vilane haftarddis in their furious tene,
 Fulfullid with malice of foward entense, 25
 Confetered togeder of common concete
 Palsly to flee theyr most singuler good lord ?
 It may be registredre of shamefull recorde.

[†]Henry, first E. of Northumberland, was begotten of Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaster, second son of K. Henry III.— He was also lineally descended from Godfrey Duke of Brabant, son of the Emperour Charlemagne, by Gerberga niece to Lothair K. of France. See Cambden Brit.

220 ANCIENT SONGS

So noble a man, so valaunt lord and knyght,
 Fulfiled with honor, as all the world doth ken; 30
 At his commaundement, which had both day and nyght
 Knygates and squyers, at every season when
 He calde upon them, as meniall housshold men:
 Were not these commons encurteis karlis of kind
 To slo their own lord? God was not in their mynd. 35

And were not they to blasse, I say also,
 That were aboue him his owne servants of thyn,
 To suffre him slayn of his mortall so?
 Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the daft:
 They bode not till the reckening were discust. 40
 What shuld I flatter? what shuld I glose or paint?
 Fy, fy for shame, their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce, which greetly was redouated;
 Of whom both Flawnders and Scotland stode in drede;
 To whom great estates obeyed and lowred; 45
 Annyay of rude villayns made hym for to blede:
 Unkindly they slew hym, that holp them oft at nede:
 He was their bulwark, their prives, and their wali,
 Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot them besal.

I say, ye comones, why wer ye so stark mad? 50
 What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne?
 Where was your wit and reson, ye shoulde have had?
 What wilful foly made yow to ryse agayne
 Your naturall lord? alas! I can not sayne.
 Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd; 55
 Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

A N D B A L L A D S.

III

He was your chefteyne, your shelde, your chief defence,
 Redy to affit you in every time of nede :
 Your worshyp depended of his excellencie :
 Alas ! ye mad men, to far ye did excede : 60
 Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede :
 What moved you againe him to war or to fyght ?
 What aykde you to fle your lord agayn all ryght ?

The ground of his quarel was for his foverain lord,
 The well concerning of all the hole lande, 65
 Demandyng suche duties as nedes most accord
 To the right of his princie which shold not be withstand ;
 For whose cause ye slew him with your owne hand :
 But had his noble men done wel that day
 Ye had not beene able to have fayd hym nay. 70

Bet ther was fals packing, or els I am begylde ;
 How be it the mater was evydent and playne,
 For if they had occupied their spere and their shilde,
 This noble man doutles had not bene slayne.
 But men say they wer lynked with a double chaine, 75
 And held with the comones under a cloke,
 Which kindled the wild fyr that made al this smoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay
 Of them demaunded and asked by the kynge ;
 With one voice importune, they plainly sayd nay : 80
 They buskt them on a bushment themselfe in baile to bring
 Agayne the kyngs plesure to wrestle or to wring,
 Blently as bestis with booste and with crye
 They sayd, they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The

The nobelnes of the north this valiant lord and knigh
 As man that was innocent of trechery or traine,
 Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght,
 And, lyke marciall Hector, he faught them agay.
 Vygorously upon them with might and with mai
 Trustyng in noble men that were with him there :
 But al they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers and all,
 Together with servauntes of his family,
 Turned their backe, and let their master fal,
 Of whome they counted not a flye ;
 Take up whose wold for them, they let him ly.
 Alas ! his gold, his fee, his annual rent
 Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and spent.

He was environd aboute on every syde
 With his enemyes, that were starke mad and wode ;
 Yet while he stode he gave them woundes wyde :
 Alas for ruth ! what thoughe his mynd were god !
 His corage manly, yet ther he fled his blode !
 Al left alone, alas ! he foughte in vayne ;
 For cruelly among them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite ! that Percy thus was spylt
 The famous erle of Northumberland :
 Of knyghtly prowes the sword pomel and hylt,
 The myghty lyon dounted by se and lande !
 O dolorous chaunce of fortunes foward hande !
 What man remembryng howe shamfully he was slain
 From bitter weping himself can restrain ?

O cruel Mars, thou dedly god of war !
 O dolorous tewisday, dedicate to thy name ;
 When thou shoke thy fworde so noble a man to mar ! 115
 O ground ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
 Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the fame !
 Most noble erle ! O foule mysuryd ground
 Where on he gat his finall dedely wounde !

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre 120
 Goddes most cruel unto the lyfe of man,
 All merciles in the is no pitie !
 O homicide, which sleest all that thou can,
 So forcibly upon this erle thou ran,
 That with thy sword enharpit of mortall drede, 125
 Thou kit asonder his perfight vital thredes !

My wordes unpullyshft be nakide and playne,
 Of aureat poeins they waht ellumyngye ;
 But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
 Of this lordes dethe and of his murdrynge. 130
 Which whils he lyved had fuyson of every thing,
 Of knights, of squyers, chyf lord of toure and towne
 Tyl fykkell fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukes, with kynges he might compare,
 Surmountinge in honor all erles he did excede, 135
 To all countries aboue hym reporte me I dare.
 Lyke to Eneas benigne in wordē and dede,
 Valiant as Hector in every marciall nede,
 Prudent, discrete, circumspect and wyse,
 Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of fortunes duble dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
 With my rude pen enkankered all with rust?
 Whose noble actes show worshiply his name,
 Transendyng 'far' myne homely muse, that mi
 Yet somewhat wright supprised with herty lust,
 Truly reportyng his right noble estate,
 Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never destayned was,
 Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght,
 Doblenes hatyng, fals maters to compas,
 Tretytory and treson he banyght out of fyght,
 With truth to medla was al his holl deylght,
 As all his countrey can testyfy the same:
 To sle suche a lorde, alas, it was great shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne:
 In me all onely wer set and comptysed,
 Enbreathed with the blast of influence devyne,
 As perfytly as could be thought or devised;
 To me also all though it were promised
 Of lgreat Phebus holy the eloquence,
 All were to lytell for his magniscentce.

O yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,
 Grow, and encrease, remembre thyn estate,
 God the assyf unto thyn herytage,
 And geve the grace to be more fortunate,
 Agayn rebellyones arme to make debate,
 And, as the lyone, whiche is of bestes kynge,
 Unto thy subjectes be curteis and benyng.

I pray God sende the prosperous lyfe and long,

Stable thy mynde constant to be and falf,

Ryght to mayntayn, and to resyft all wronge;

All flatteryng faytors abhor and from the caſt,

Of foule detraction God keþe the from the blaſt,

Let double delyng in the have no place,

And be not lyght of credence in no caſe.

170

175

With hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,

Eche man may ſorow in his inward thought,

This lords deaþ, whose pere is hard to fynd

Al gife Englond and Fraunce were thorow faught.

Al kynges, al princes, al dukes, well they ought 180

Both temporall and ſpiritual for to complayne

This noble man, that crewelly was ſlayne.

More ſpecially barons, and thoſe knygtes bold,

And all other gentilmen with him entertyned

In fee, as menyall men of his houſold;

185

Whom he as lord worþyly maiinteyned :

To ſorowful weeping they ought to be conſteined,

As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce,

Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

Perleſe prince of heven emperyall,

190

That with one worde formed al thing of noughe;

Heven, hell, and erthe obey unto thy call;

Which to thy reſemblance wonderfly haſt wrought

All mankynd, whom thou full dere haſt bought,

With thy blood precious our finaunce thou did pay 195

And us redemed, from the fendys pray :

116 ANCIENT SONGS

To the pray we, as prince incomparable,
 As thou art of mercy and pyte the well,
 Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable
 The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell,
 In endles blys with the to byde and dwell
 In thy palace above the orient,
 Where thou art lord, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
 Mayden most pure, and goddes moder dere,
 To sorrowful hartes chef comfort and solace,
 Of all women O flowre without pere,
 Pray to thy son above the sterries clere,
 He to vouchesaf by thy mediacion
 To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion.

In joy triumphaunt the heavenly yerarchy,
 With all the hole forte of that glorious place,
 His soull mot receyve into theyr company
 Thorow bounty of hym that formed all solace :
 Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace,
 The father, the sonn, and the holy ghost
 In Trinitate one God of myghts mooste.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK



A
R
C
E
M
I
SONGS AND BALLADS,

Esq.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK II.

BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKESPEARE.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to pre-

serve

serve as many of these as could be recovered, and that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This SECOND BOOK is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by SHAKESPEARE, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces, that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this BOOK being of a Dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, and ON THE CONDUCT OF OUR FIRST DRAMATIC POETS: a subject, which though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already *, will yet perhaps admit of some farther illustration.

ON
THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE,
&c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important stories of scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c. these exhibitions acquired the general name of MYSTERIES. At first they were probably a kind of dumb shows, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may

* Bp. Warburton's Shakesp. vol. 5. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodley's Old Plays.—Riccoboni's Acct. of Theat. of Europe.

may be seen among Dodslēy's OLD PLAYS and in Osborne's HARLEYAN MISCEL. How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel (often quoted by our old dramatic poets*) intitled . . . a merrie best of a man that was called Howleglas†, &c. being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named Ulen-spiegle. Howleglas, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his pariss-clark. This priest is described as keeping a LEMAN or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds, . . . “ And than in “ the meane seafon, whyle Howleglas was paryshe clarke, at “ Easter they shoulde play the resurrection of our lorde: and “ for because than the men wer not learned, nor could not “ read, the priest toke his leman, and put her in the grave for “ an Aungell: and this seeing Howleglas, toke to hym iij of “ the symplest persons that were in the towne, that played “ the iij Maries; and the Person [i. e. Parson or Rector] “ played Cbrisste, with a baner in his hand. Than saide “ Howleglas to the symple persons, Whan the Aungel asketh “ you, whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman “ with one iye. Than it fortuned that the tyme was come “ that they must playe, and the Angel asked them whom they “ sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shewyd and “ lernyd them afore, and than answered they, We seke the “ priests leman with one iye. And than the priest might “ heare that he was mocked. And whan the priestes leman “ herd that, she arose out of the grave, and would have “ smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but she misyd “ him and smote one of the symple persons that played one of “ the

I 4

* See Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Act. 3. sc. 4. and his Masque of the Fortunate Isles.

† Howleglas is said in the Preface to have died in M.cccc.l.
At the end of the book, in M.ccc.l.

" the thre Maries ; and he gave her another ; and than
 " toke she him by the heare [hair] ; and that seing his wylfe,
 " came running hastyly to smite the priestes leaman ; and than
 " the priest seeing this, caste down bys baner and went to
 " helpe his wwoman, so that the one gave the other foyr
 " strokys, and made great noysy in the churche. And than
 " Howleglas seyng them lyng together by the eares in the
 " bodi of the churche, went his way out of the village, and
 " came no more there †."

As the old Mysteries frequently required the representation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form compleat dramatic pieces consisting entirely of such personifications. These they intituled MORAL PLAYS, or MORALITIES. The Mysteries were very artificial, representing the scripture stories simply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art; they contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy and Comedy: for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is intituled *Every Man*^{*}. The subject of this piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the MESSENGER (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the prologue on their rude stage;) then GOD † is represented, who after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for

DETH

† C. Imprynted . . . by Wylliam Copland: without date, in Ato. bl. Let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays. K. vol. 10.

* See a farther account of this play in Vol. 2. p. 104. 105, where instead of "Wynkyn de Worde" read Rycharde Pynson."

† The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

DETH and orders him to bring before his tribunal EVERY-MAN; for so is called the personage who represents the human race. EVERY-MAN appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief in this distress to FELLOWSHIP, KINDRED, GOODS or RICHES, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to GOOD-DEDES, who after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her †, introduces him to her sister KNOWLEDGE, and she leads him to the "boly man CONFESSION" who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and after STRENGTH, BEAUTY, DISCRETION and FIVE WITS * have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good-dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an AUNGELL descends to sing his requiem: and the epilogue is spoken by a person, called DOCTOR, who recapitulates the whole and delivers the moral,

"E. This memoriall men may have in mynde,
 "Ye berers, take it of worth old and yonge,
 "And forsake pryde, for be discryueth you in thende,
 "And remembre Beaulte, Five Wits, Strenght and Discretion,
 "They all at laft do Every-man forsake,
 "Save his God Dedes there dothe he take:
 "But beware, for and they be small,
 "Before God he bath no helpe at all." E.c.

From this short analysis it may be observed that *Every Man* is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old

† Those above-mentioned are male characters.

* i. e. the Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited upon the Spanish stage: (see Riccoboni p. 9^o.) but our moralist has represented them all by one personage.

old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. EVERY MAN the hero of the piece after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence KNOWLEDGE discants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed except in the circumstance of Every-man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agon. of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.

*The other play is intitled HICK-SCORNER * and bears no distant resemblance to comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The prologue is spoken by PITY represented under the character of an aged pilgrim, he is joyed by CONTEMPLACION and PERSEVERANCE two holy men, who after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by FREWYLL, representing a lewd debauchee, who with his dissolute companion IMAGINACION, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by HICK-SCORNER, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and PITY endeavours to part the fray: on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity then discants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone Frewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men,*

* Emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde, no date; in 4to, bl. L.

, after a long altercation, at length convert him
libertine-companion Imaginacion from their vicious
life : and then the play ends with a few verses from
me by way of epilogue. This and every Morality I
conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them
; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.
will be needless to point out the absurdities in the
conduct of the foregoing play : they are evi-
-cat. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the mo-
-religious reflections of Pity, &c. the piece is of a co-
- and contains a humorous display of some of the vices
e. Indeed the author has generally been so little at-
-o the allegory, that we need only substitute other
his personages, and we have real characters and liv-
ers.

: then that the writers of these Moralities were upon
threshold of real Tragedy and Comedy ; and therefore
ot to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form
r took place, especially as the revival of learning
s time brought them acquainted with the Roman and
moaels.

hat period of time the Mysteries and Moralities had
e it is difficult to discover. Holy plays representing
cles and sufferings of the saints appear to have been
y in the reign of Henry II. and a lighter sort of Inter-
re not then unknown". In Chaucer's Time " Plays
" of

Witz-slebbens's description of London, preserved by Stow,
a pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos
Stores, representationes miraculorum, &c. He is thought
written in the R. of Hen. II. and to have died in that of
It is true at the end of his book we find mentioned Hen-
gem tertium ; but as it comes in between the names of the
Maud and Thomas Becket, it is probably a mistake of some
er for Henricum regem ij, as it might be written in MS.
yfage in his Chap. De Religione, it should seem that the
t. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the
Canterbury.

"of Miracles" were the common resort of idle gossip. Towards the latter end of Henry the VIIth's reign Moralities were so common, that John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published "C. A new interlude and a meetyng of the nature of the elements declarynge many proper points of physlosophy natural, and of dyvers straunge landys," &c. It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent;

— “Within this xx yere
“ Westwarde be founde new landes
“ That we never barde tell of before this,” &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510. The play of *Wickescorner* was probably somewhat more ancient, as it still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of "the Newe founde Ilonde," sign. A. viij.

It appears from the prologue of the play of *The Four Elements*, that Interludes were then very common : The profession of *PLAYER* was no less common ; for in an old satire intitled *Cocke Rozelles Note* † the author enumerates all the most common

† See Prologue to *Wife of Bath's Tale*, v. 558. Urry's Ed.

* Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, Old Plays i. vol. 3. The Dramatis Personae are, "C. The Messengere [or Prologue] " Nature naturte. Humanyte. Studyous Desire. Sensuell Appete. The Taverner. Experyence. Ignoraunce. (Also if n "lyte ye may brynge in a dygylinge.)" Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude. Among which are "C. Of certeyn conclusions prouyng the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that it bengyth in myddes of the fyrment, &c. "C. Of certeyne points of cosmography . . . and of dyvers straunge egions, . . . and of the newe founde landys and the maner of the people." This part is extremely curious, as it shows what nations were entertained of the new American discoveries.

† Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-st. by W. de Worde. no date. bl. L. 40.

common trades or callings; as "Carpenters, Coopers, Joyners, &c. and among others, PLAYERS, tho' it must be acknowledged he has placed them in no very reputable company,

"PLAYERS, purse-cutters, money batterers,
"Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers,
"Pardoners, &c." Sign. B. vj.

It is observable that in the old Moralities of Hick Scornet, Every-man, &c. there is no kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the moral interlude of *Lusty Juventus* †, written under Edw. VI. the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin: at length in Q. Elizabeth's reign Moralities appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodoley.

In the time of Hen. VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the classical names of Comedy and Tragedy*, but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferment had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Eliz. Tragedies and Comedies began to appear in form, and could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. *Gorboduc*, a regular tragedy, was acted in 1561. [See Ames p. 316.] and *Gascoigne*, in 1566, exhibited *Iocasta*, a translation from Euripides, as also *The Supposes*, a regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shakespeare's were printed.

The

† Described in vol. 2. pag. 104. *The Dramatis Personae* of this piece are, C. Messenger. *Lusty Juventus*. Good Counsaill. Knowledge. Satban the devyll. Hypocrisie. Fellowship. Abomiable-lysing, [an Harlot.] Gods merciful promises."

* Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his *Mystery of Gods Promises*, in 1538. In 1540 John Palgrave, B.D. had published a Latin comedy called *Acolastus*, with an English version. Holingbed even tells us, that so early as 1520, the king had "a goodlie comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Greenwich: but he does not say in what language. See vol. 3. p. 850.

The people however still retained a relish for their old *Mysteries* and *Moralities* †, and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. The graver sort of *Moralities* appear to have given birth to our modern *TRAGEDY*; as our *COMEDY* evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic || has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural *TRAGICOEDIES*. Even after the people had been accustomed to *Tragedies* and *Comedies*, *Moralities* still kept their ground: one of them intituled *The New Custom* † was printed so late as 1573: at length they assumed the name of *MASQUES* †, and with some classical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

As for the old *Mysteries*, which ceased to be acted after the reformation, they seem to have given rise to a third species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with *Tragedy*, or *Comedy*, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both: these were *Historical Plays*, or *HISTORIES*, a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old *Mysteries* in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened; without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from *Tragedy*, just as much as *Historical* poems do from *Epic*: as the *Pharsalia* does from the *Aeneid*. What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this turn was, that soon after the *Mysteries* ceased to be exhibited, there was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called *The Mirour for Magistrates* §, wherein a great number of the most

† The general reception the old *Moralities* had upon the stage will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar to every body.

|| Bp. Warbur. Shakeſp. V. 5. † In Dodj. Old Plays, V. 1.

‡ In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old *Moralities*. In Ben. Jonfon's masque of Christmas 1616, one of the personages is MINCED PYE.

§ The first part of which was printed in 1559.

most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular and of a dramatic cast, and therefore, as an elegant writer || has well observed, might have its influence in producing Historic Plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient Mysteries suggested the plan.

That our old writers considered Historical Plays as somewhat distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, appears from numberless passages of their works. " Of late days, says Stow, in- " stead of those stage-plays " have been used Comedies, Trage- " dies, Enterludes, and HISTORIES both true and fained." Survey of London †. — Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to *The Captain*, say,

" This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
" Nor HISTORY." —

Polonius in *Moult* commends the actors, as the best in the world " either for Tragedie, Comedie, HISTORIE, Pastorall," &c. And Shakespeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in 1623, have not only intitled their book. " Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, HISTORIES, and Tragedies :" but in their Table of Contents have arranged them under those three several heads : placing in the class of HISTORIES, " K. John, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 pts. Henry V. Henry VI. 3 pts. Richard III. and Henry VIII.

This distinction deserves the attention of the critics : for if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by those rules the author prescribed for his observance, then we ought not to try Shakespear's HISTORIES by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry : but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

We

|| Catalog. of Royal and Noble authors, vol. 1. p. 166, 7.

The Creation of the world, acted at Skinners-well, in 1409.

† See Mr. Warton's Observations, vol. 2. p. 109.

We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it without remarking the great fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments: not fewer than NINETEEN play-houses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix**. From this writer we learn that “tobacco, wine, and beer †” were in those days the usual accomodations in the theatre, as now at Sadlers Wells. With regard to the ancient prices of admission; That play-house called the HOPE had five different priced seats from six-pence to half-a-crown ‡. Some Houses had PENNY benches ||. The “two-penny gallery” is mentioned in the Prol. to Beaum. and Fletcher’s *Woman Hater*: And seats of three-pence and a groat in the passage of Prynne last referred to. But the general price of what is now called the PIT seems to have been a shilling †|. The time of exhibition was early in the afternoon, their plays being generally acted by day-light ‡|. All female parts were performed by men, no actress being ever seen on the public stage before the civil wars. And as for the play-house furniture and ornaments, “they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage firewood with rushes, with habits accordingly §.” as we are assured in *A short Discourse on the English Stage*, subjoined to Flecknoe’s *LOVE’S-KINGDOM*, 1674. 12mo.

* He speaks in p. 492, of the play-houses in Bishopsgate-Street, and on Ludgate-Hill, which are not among the SEVENTEEN enumerated in Pref. to Dodsley’s *Old Plays*.

† P. 322. † Inde&t. to Jonson’s *Bartholomew-Fair*.

|| So a MS. of *Oldys*, from Tom Nasb, an old pamphlet-writer.

‡ Shakesp. Prol. to Hen. viij.—Beaum. and Fletcher. Prol. to the Captain, and to the Mad-lover. The PIT probably had its name from one of the Play-houses having been a Cock-pit.

§ Biogr. Brit. I. 117. n.—Overbury’s Charact. of an actor.—Even in the reign of Cha. II. plays began at 3 in the afternoon.

§ Puttenham tells us they used Wizards in his time, “partly to supply the want of players, when there were moe parts then there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble . . . princes chambers with too many folkes.” [Art of Eng. Poet. 1589. p. 26.] From the last clause, it should seem that they were chiefly used in the MASQUES at Court.

I.

**ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH,
AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY,**

—were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called in the ballad English-wood, which is probably the true etymology.) When they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on “THE PEDIGREE, EDUCATION, AND MARRIAGE OF ROBIN HOOD,” makes them contemporary with Robin Hood’s father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. This tends to prove that they were generally thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen, their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakespeare, in his comedy of *MUCH ado about nothing*, Act I. makes Benedicte confirm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation, “ If I do, bang me in a bottle like a cat*, and shoot at me, and be that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder and called ADAM :” meaning ADAM BELL, as Theobald rightly observes

K

serves

* Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden one might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask or firkin, half filled with stool: and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to shew their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

serves, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured that "Abraham Cupid" in Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. sc. 1. should be "ADAM Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned CLYME OF THE CLOUGH in his Alchemist, Act 1. sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "THE long vacation in London," describes the Attorneys and Proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields,

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde ;
 "Where arrowes stick with mickle pride ;
 "... Like ghosts of ADAM BELL and CLYMME.
 "Sot sets for fear they'l shoot at him."

Works, p. 291. fol. 1673.

The following stanzas will be judged from the title, orthography, and numbers, to be very ancient : they are given from an old black-letter quarto, Imprinted at London in Redburge by Wyllyam Copland (no date) : corrected in some places by another copy in the editor's folio MS. In that volume this ballad is followed by another, intituled YOUNGE CLOUDESLEE, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son : but greatly inferior to this, both in merit and antiquity.

PART THE FIRST.

ME R Y it was in grene forest
 Amonge the levès grene,
 Wheras men hunt east and west
 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene ;

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne ;
 Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene ;
 As by thre yemen of the north country,
 By them it is I meane.

The

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough,
 The thyrd was William of Cloudefly,
 An archer good ynough.

10

They were outlawed for venyson,
 These yemen everychone ;
 They swore them brethren upon a day,
 To Englyshe wood for to gone.

15

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
 That of myrthe loveth to here :
 Two of them were singele men,
 The third had a wedded fere.

20

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
 Muche more than was hys care :
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
 To Carleil he wold fare ;

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
 And with hys chyldren thre.
 By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
 Not by the counsell of me :

25

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
 And from thys wylde wode wende,
 K 2

30

If

Ver. 24. Caerlel. in P. C. pafim.

132 ANCIENT SONGS

If the justice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Trusfe not els, but that I am take,
Or else that I am flayne.

He toke hys leave of his brethren two,
And to Carleil he is gon :
There he knocked at his owne windowe
Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,
And my chyldren thre ?
Lyghtly let in thyne own husbānde
Wylliam of Cloudeslē.

Alas ! then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous sore,
Thys place hath ben befette for you
Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslē,
I wold that in I were :
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynough,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe ;
 And pleased hym with that she had,
 Whome she loved as her lyfe.

55

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
 A lytle besyde the fyre,
 Whych Wylyam had found of charytyè
 More than seven yere.

60

Up she rose, and forth she goes,
 Evel mote she spede therefoore ;
 For she had not set no fote on ground
 In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,
 As fast as she could hye :
 Thys nyght is come unto thys town
 Wylyam of Cloudeflyè.

65

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
 And so was the shirife also :
 Thou shalt not trauail hether, dame, for nought,
 Thy need thou shalt have or thou go.

70

They gave to her a ryght good gounè
 Of scarlate, and of graine :
 She toke the gyft, and home she wente,
 And couched her doune agayne.

75

They

They ryfed the towne of mery Carlile
 In all the haste they can ;
 And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
 As fast as they might gone.

There they besette that good yemān
 About on every syde :
 Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
 That theyther-ward they hyed.

Alyce opened a back wyndow,
 And loked all aboute,
 She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe
 Wyth a full great route.

Alas ! treason, cryed Alyce,
 Ever wo may thou be !
 Goe into my chamber, husband, she sayd,
 Swete Wyllyam of Cloudefla.

He toke hys fward and hys bucler,
 Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
 And wente into hys strongest chamber,
 Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
 Took a pollaxe in her hande :

He shal be deade that here commeth in
Thys dore, whyle I may stand.

100

Cloudesle bente a wel-good bowe,
That was of trusty tre,
He smot the justise on the brest,
That hys arowe breft in three.

A curse on his harte, saide William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on !
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.

105

Yeld the Cloudesle, fayd the justise,
Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
A curse on hys hart, fayd fair Alyce,
That my husband councel leth fo.

110

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therin William, he saide,
Hys wyfe and chyldyn thre.

115

They fyred the house in many a place,
The fyre flew up on hye :
Alas ! than cryed fayre Alice,
I se we here shall dy.

120

William openyd a backe wyndow,
 That was in hys chamber hie,
 And wylt shetes let downe his wyfe,
 And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William,
 My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
 For Christes love do them no harme,
 But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
 Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
 And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
 That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
 Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle:
 Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,
 Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever had I, sayde Wyllyam,
 With my sworde in the route to renne,
 Then here among myne enemyes wode
 Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys swerd and hys buckler,
 And among them all he ran,
 Where the people were most in prece,
 He smot downe many a man.

A N D B A L L A D S.

137

There myght no man abyde hys stroke, 145

So ferly on them he ran :

Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,

And so toke that good yemān.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,

And in depe dongeon cast :

Now Cloudesle, layd the hye justice,

Thou shalt be hanged in haſt.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the ſherife,

Now ſhal I for the make,

And the gates of Carleil ſhal be shutte : 155

No man ſhal come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,

Nor yet ſhal Adam Bell,

Though they came with a thouſand mo,

Nor all the devels in hell. 160

Early in the mornynge the justice uprofe,

To the gates fast gan he gon,

And commaundeth to be shut full close

Lightilē everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,

165

As fast as he coulde hye ;

A payre of new gallous there he ſet up

Befyde the pyllorye.

A lytle

A lytle boy amonge them asked,
 " What meaneth that gallow-tre ?"
 They sayde to hange a good yeaman,
 Called Wylyam of Cloudefle.

170

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
 And kept fayre Alyces swyne ;
 Oft he had seene Cloudefle in the wodde,
 And geuend hym there to dyne.

175

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
 And lightly to the wooddyng gone,
 There met he with these wightye yemen
 Shortly and alone.

180

Alas ! then sayde that lytle boye,
 Ye tary here all to longe ;
 Cloudefle is taken, and daumpned to death,
 All readye for to henge.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell,
 That ever we see thys daye !
 He had better with us have taryed,
 So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

185

He myght have dwellyd in grene forste,
 Under the shadowes grene,

190

And

Ver. 179. yonge men. P. C. Ver. 190. shadowes sheene. P. C.

And have kepte both hym and us in rest,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart sone had he slayne :
Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner, 195
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, fayed these wightye yeomen,
Tary we no lenger here ;
We shall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere. 200

To Caerleil-wente these good yemen,
In a mery mornyng of maye.
Here is a FYR † of Cloudeflye,
And another is for to faye.

P A R T T H E S E C O N D.

AND when they came to mery Carleil,
All in the mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untyll
About on every syde.

Alas !

Ver. 197. wight yong men. P.C. † See Glos.

140 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Alas ! than sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men !
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

Then bespake 'him' Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng,
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kynges seales ;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate
With strokes great and strong :
The porter herde suche noyse therat,
And to the gate he throng.

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinne ?
We be tow messengers, sayde Clym of the Cloug
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayde Adam Bel,
To the justice we must it bryng ;
Let us in our message to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.

A N D B A L L A D S.

141

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,

Be hym that dyed on a tre,

30

Tyll a false thefe be hanged up,

Called Wyllyam of Cloudeflē.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,

And swore by Mary fre,

And if that we stande long wythout,

35

Lyk a thefe honge thou shalt be.

Lo ! here we have the kynges seale :

What, Lurden, art thou wode ?

The porter went † it had ben so,

And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

40

Welcome be my lordes seale, he saide ;

For that ye shall come in.

He opened the gate full shortlye ;

An euylenyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,

45

Therof we are full faine ;

But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,

How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, said Clym of the Clough,

Ryght wel then shoulde we spedē,

50

Then

Ver. 38. Lordeyne. P.C. † i. e. weened.

Then might we come out wel ynough
 When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
 And wrange hys necke in two,
 And cast hym in a depe dongeon,
 And toke hys keys hym fro. 55

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel,
 Se brother the keys are here,
 The worst porter to merry Carleile
 The have had thys hundred yere. 60

And now wyll we our bowes bende,
 Into the towne wyll we go,
 For to delyuer our dere brother,
 That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
 And loked theyr stringes were round*,
 The markett place in mery Carleile
 They beset that stound. 65

And, as they loked them besyde,
 A paire of new galowes thei see,
 And the justice with a quest of squyers,
 Had judged theyr fere to de. 70

And

* So Aſcham ſays, "The ſtringe muſt be rounde." (Toxop. 1.
 & 149. Ed. 1761.) A precept not very intelligible now.

And Cloudeflē hymselfe lay in a carte,
 Fast bound both fote and hand ;
 And a stronge rop about hys necke,
 All readye fur to hange.

75

The justice called to him a ladde,
 Cloudeflēs clothes shold he have
 To take the measure of that yemān,
 Therafter to make hys grave.

80

I have fene as great mervaille, said Cloudeflē,
 As betweyne thys and pryme,
 He that maketh thys grave for me
 Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakeft proudli, said the justice,
 I shall the hange with my hande.
 Full wel herd this his brethren two,
 There styll as they dyd stande.

85

Then Cloudeflē cast his eyen asyde,
 And saw hys brethren twaine
 At a corner of the market place,
 Redy the justice for to slaine.

90

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeflē,
 Yet hope I well to fare,
 If I might have my handes at wyll
 Ryght lytle wolde I care.

95

Then

Then bespake good Adam Bell
 To Clym of the Clough so free,
 Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel,
 Lo ! yonder ye may him se.

And at the shyrife shote I wyll
 Strongly wytth arrowe kene,
 A better shote in mery Carleile
 Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once,
 Of no man had the dread ;
 The one hyt the justice, the other the shery
 That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them stode nyne,
 When the justice fell to the grounde,
 And the sherife fell hym by ;
 Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens fast gan flye,
 They durst no lenger abyde ;
 There lyghtly they loosed Cloudesle,
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wylliam sterte to an officer of the town,
 Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,

On ech syde he smote them downe,
Hym thought he taryed to long.

120

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and de,
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,
Theyr strings were of filke ful sure,
That they kept the stretes on every side ;
That batayle did long endure.

125

The fought together as brethren tru,
Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they thre,
And many a herte made colde.

130

But when their arrowes were al gon,
Men preced to them full fast,
They drew theyr swordes then anone,
And theyr bowes from them cast.

135

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
Wyth swordes and bucklers round,
By that it was myd of the day,
They made mani a wound.

140

146 ANCIENT SONGS

There was many an out horne in Carliel blowe
And the belles bacwārd dyd ryng,
Many a woman sayde, Alas !
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
Wyth hym a ful great route :
These yemen dred hym full fore,
Of theyr lyves they stode in doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande ;
Many a strong man wyth him was,
There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudeflē with his bil,
Hys bucler he braft in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas ! they cryed for wo.
Kepe we the gates fast, they bad,
That these traytors therout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,
For so fast they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli foughht,
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forsake,

A N D B A L L A D S.

147

And yf you do by my counsell
A new porter do ye make.

165

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them well to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To come and comfort his wyfe.

170

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly, as lese on lynde,
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
Theyr foes were ferr behynd.

And when they came to Englyfhe wode,
Under the trusty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.

175

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so fre,
I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynè.

180

They set them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A secon^d fy^r of the wightye yeomen.
Another I wyll you tell.

185

L . 2

P A R T

Ver. 175: merry green wood. P .

PART THE THIRD.

AS they sat in Englyshe wood,
 Under the green-wode tre,
 They thought they herd a woman wepe,
 But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce :
 That ever I fawe thys day !
 For nowe is my dere husband flayne :
 Alas ! and wel-a-away !

Myght I have spoke with hys dere brethren,
 Or with eyther of them twayne,
 To shew to them what him befell,
 My hart were out of payne :

Cloudeslē walked a lytle beside,
 Lookt under the grene wood lindē,
 He was ware of his wife, and chyldren three,
 Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wylliam,
 Under this trusti tre :
 I wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,
 Thou shulde me never have se.

Ver. 19. I had wende. P.C. Ver. 20. never had se. P.C

" N

A N D B A L L A D S.

149

"Now well is me that ye be here,
 My harte is out of wo."
 Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
 And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
 I-wis it is no boȝe :
 The meate, that we must supp withall,
 It runneth yet fast on fote,

Then went they downe into a launde,
 These noble archares thre ;
 Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
 The best that they cold se,

Have here the best, Alyce my wyfe,
 Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeflye ;
 By cause ye so bouldly stode by me
 When I was flayne full nye.

Then went they to suppere
 Wyth suche meate as they had,
 And thanked God of ther fortune :
 They were both mery and glad.

And when they had supped well,
 Certayne wythouten lease,
 Cloudeflye sayd, we wyll to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.

L 3

Alyce

150 ANCIENT SONGS

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng
 In a nunery here besyde,
 My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,
 And there they shall abyde.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me,
 For hym have I no care :
 And he shall breng you worde agayn,
 How that we do fare.

Thus be theſe yemen to London gone,
 As fast as they myght he,
 Tyll they came to the kynge's pallace,
 Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kynges courte,
 Unto the pallace gate,
 Of no man wold they alſe no leave,
 But boldly went in therat.

They preced prestly into the hall,
 Of no man had they dreade :
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And with them gan to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yeman, what would ye haue
 I pray you tell to me :
 You myght thus make offycers shent :
 Good fyrs, of whence be ye ?

A N D B A L L A D S.

151

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest

Certayne withouten lease,

70

- And hether we be come to our kyng
To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,

As it was the lawe of the lande,

The kneled downe without letting,

75

And ech held up his hand.

The sayd, Lord, we beseeche the here,

That ye wyll graunt us grace,

For we have slayne your fat falow dere

In many a fondry place.

80

What be your nams, then said our king,

Anone that you tell me?

They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Cleugh,

And Wyllyam of Cloudeslē.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,

85

That men have tolde of to me?

Here to God I make an avowe,

Ye shal be hanged all thre.

Ye shal be dead withoute mercy,

As I am kynge of this lande.

90

He commandeth his officers every one,

Fast on them to lay hand.

There they toke these good yemen,
 And arrested them all thre.
 So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
 Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
 That yee graunt us grace,
 Insomuche as frelē to you we comen,
 As frelē fro you to passe,

With such weapons, as we have here,
 Tyll we be out of your place ;
 And yf we lyve this hundredth yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge ;
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
 If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande
 To be your wedded wyfe,
 The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
 Ye would graunt it me belyfe :

And I never asked none tyll now ;
 Then, good lorde, graunt it me.

N

Ver. 111. 119. bowne. P.C.

Nowe aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,
And graunted it shall be.

115

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
These yemen graunt ye me.

Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,
That shuld have been worth them all three. 120

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,
Parkes and forestes plentè.

But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd,
Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre, 125
Your askyng graunted shal be,
But I had never have geven you
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman
And sayde, Lord, gramarcye :
I dare undertake for them,
That true men they shal be.

130

But good my lord, speke som mery word,
That comfort they may se.
I graunt you grace, then sayd our king, 135
Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They

Ver. 130. God a mereye. MS.

ANCIENT SONGS

154

They had not setten but a whyle
Certayne without lesyng,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before the kyng,
They knelt downe on theyr kne ;
Sayed, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrē.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,
And my sherife also ?
Syr, they be slayne without leafynge,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng ;
Anone thou tell to me ?
Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudefē.

Alas for rewth ! then sayd our kyng ;
My hart is wonderous sore ;
I had lever than a thousande pounde,
I had knowne of thys before :

For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me :
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
 Himselfe he red it tho,
 And founde how these outlawes had slain
 Thre hundred men and mo :

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
 And the mayre of Carleile towne ;
 Of all the constables and catchipolles
 Alyve were scant left one :

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeaunte of the law,
 And forty fosters of the fe,
 These outlawes had yflaw :

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere ;
 Of all they chose the best ;
 So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
 Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kynge this letter had red,
 In harte he syghed sore :
 Take up the tables anone he bad,
 For I may eate no more.

The kyng called hys best archars
 To the buttes with hym to go :
 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,
 In the north have wrought this wo.

The

The kynges bowmen busket them blyve,
 And the quenes archers also ;
 So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen,
 With them they thought to go.

There twyse, or thryse they shote about
 For to assay theyr hande ;
 There was no shote these yemen shot,
 That any prycke † myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudesle,
 By him that for me dyed,
 I hold hym never no good archar,
 That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

At what a butte now wold ye shote,
 I pray thee tell to me ?
 At such a but, syr, he sayd,
 As men use in my countrē.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
 With his two brethērene ;
 There they set up two hafell roddes
 Full twenty score betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudesle,
 That yonder wande cleveth in twa.

*Ver. 185. blythe. MS. † i. e. mark. Ver. 202, 203
 to. P.C. Ver. 204. Twenty score paces. P.C. i. e. 400*

Here is none fuche, sayd the kyng,
Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeflē,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudefly with a bearyng arow
Clave the wand in two.

210

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
For sothe that ever I se.
And yet for your love, sayd Wylyam,
I wyll do more maystry.

215

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare ;
I wyll hym tye to a stake ;
All shall se, that be here ;

220

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score hym fro,
And I my selfe with a brode arōw
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou heft sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

225

And

Ver. 222. Six score paces. P.C. i.e. 120 yards.

And thou touche his head or gowne.
 In syght that men may se,
 By all the fayntes that be in heaven,
 I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
 That wyll I never forfake.
 And there even before the kynge
 In the earth he drove a stake :

And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
 And bad hym stand styll thereat ;
 And turned the childe's face him fro,
 Because he shoulde not sterte.

An apple upon his head he set,
 And then his bowe he bent :
 Syxe score paces they were out mete,
 And thereto Cloudeflē went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
 Hys bowe was great and longe,
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,
 That was both stiffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,
 That they stille wold stand,
 For he shoteth for such a wager,
 Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudeflè,
 That his lyfe saved myght be,
 And whan he made hym redy to shote, 255
 There was many weeping ee.

But Cloudeflè cleste the apple in twaine,
 His sonne he did not nee.
 Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
 That thou shold shote at me. 260

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
 And my bowe shalt thou bere,
 And over all the north countrè
 I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrteene pence a day, said the quene, 265
 By God, and by my fay ;
 Come feche thy payment when thou wylt
 No man shall say the nay.

Willyam, I make the a gentelman
 Of clothynge, and of fe : 270
 And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
 For they are so semely to fe.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
 Of my wyne-seller he shal be ;
 And whan he commeth to mans estate, 275
 Shal better avaunced be.

And,

160 A N C I E N T S O N G S

And, Wylym, bring to me your wife,
 Me longeth her sore to se :
 She shall be my chefe gentelwoman
 To governe my nurserye.

The yemen thanketh them curteously.
 To some byshop wyl we wend,
 Of all the synnes; that we have done,
 To be affoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
 As fast as they might he,
 And after came and dwelled with the kyng,
 And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen;
 God send them eternall blyffe,
 And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
 That of heven they never mysse. Amen.

II.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

The Grave-digger's song in HAMLET, A. 5. is taken in three stanzas of the following poem, though somewhat red and disguised, probably as the same were corrupted by ballad-singers of Shakespeare's time. The original is given among Surrey's Poems, 1559, and is attributed to VAUX, by Geo. Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was brought by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular which he laugh'd at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. pref. to his Posies 1575. 420.) Lord Vaux was remarkable his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation resth chiefly in the facilitie of his metre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, name-
ly sundry of his Songs, whereto he sheweth the COUNTERFAIT ACTION very lively and pleasantly." Arte of Poesie, 1589. p. 51. See also Vol. 2. p. 45.

I Lothe that I did love,
 In youth that I thought swete :
 As tyme requires for my behove,
 Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
 My fancies all be fled,
 And tract of tyme begins to weave
 Gray heares upon my hed.

Vol. III.

M

5

For

For age with stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his crowch,
And lusty life away fhe leapes,
As there had ben none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have ben of yore.

For reason me denyes,
This youthly ydle rime
And day by day to me she cryes,
Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face
Say, limping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the colde, the gasping br
Doth bid me to provyde

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A howse of clay for to be made,
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
 That knowles the carefull knell,
 And bids me leave my woful warke,
 Ere nature me compell.

35

My kepers knit the knot,
 That youth did laugh to skorne,
 Of me that clene shal be forgot,
 As I had not been borne.

40

Thus must I youth geve up,
 Whose badge I long did weare,
 To them I yield the wanton cup
 That better may it beare.

Lo here the bar-hed skull,
 By whose balde signe I know,
 That flouping age away shall pull,
 Which youthful yeres did sow.

45

For beauty with her band,
 These crooked cares hath wrought,
 And shipped me into the lande,
 From whence I first was brought.

50

And ye that byde behinde,
 Have ye none other trust :
 As ye of clay wer cast by kinde,
 So shall ye wast to dust.

55

III.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

Shakespeare has made this sonnet the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his ROMEO AND JULIET. A. IV. Sc. 5, where he introduces Peter putting this Question to the Musicians.

" PETER. . . . why " Silver Sound" ? why " Musick
 " with her silver sound" ? what say you, Simon Catling?
 " I. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet
 " sound.
 " PET. Pretty ! what say you, Hugh Rebecks ?
 " 2. Mus. I say, silver sound, because Musicians sound
 " for silver.
 " PET. Pretty too ! what say you, James Sound-post.
 " 3. Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.
 " PET. . . . I will say for you : It is " Musick with
 " her silver sound," because Musicians have no gold for
 " sounding."

This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from the old quarto MS in the Cotton Library, [Vesp. A. 25.] entitled " Divers things of Hen. viij's time" : with some corrections from The Paradise of dainty devises, 1596.

WHERE

WHERE gripinge grefes the hart woulde wounde,
 And dolefull dumps the mynde oppresse,
 There musicke with her silver sound
 With spedē is wont to fende redresse :
 Of trobled myndes, in every fore,
 Swete musicke hathe a salve in store,

5

In joye yt makst our mirthe abounde,
 In woe yt cherest our hevy sprites ;
 Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
 By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes :
 Our senses all, what shall I say more ?
 Are subiecte unto musicks lore.

10

The Gods by musicke have theire prayse,
 The lyfe, the soule therein doth joye ;
 For, as the Romayne poet sayes,
 In feas, whom pyrats would destroy,
 A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
 Arion playing on hys harpe.

15

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippes !
 O musicke, whom the gods affinde
 To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe !
 Sense thou both man and beste doest move,
 What beste ys he, wyll the disprove ?

20

IV.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID,

—*is a story often alluded to by our old Dramatic Writers.*
Shakespear in his ROMEO AND JULIET, A. II. Sc. 1,
makes Mercutio say,

—“Her [Venus’s] purblind son and heir,
 “Young Adam * Cupid, he that shot so true,
 “When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.”

As the 13th Line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakespeare wrote it SHOT SO TRIM, which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to TRUE. The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.

In the 2d Part of HEN. IV. A. 5. Sc. 3. Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistol,

“O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
 “Let king Cophetua know the truth therof.”

These lines Bp. Warburton thinks were taken from an old bombast play of KING COPHETUA. No such play is, I believe, now to be found: but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers †, which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any

* See above p. 130.

† See Meres’s Wits Treas. f. 283. Arte of Eng. Poes. 1589.
 p. 51, 111, 143, 169.

¶. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited
which were never printed.

*It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson
is in his Comedy of EVERY-MAN in his humour, A. 3. sc. 4.
“I have not the heart to devour thee, an’ I might be made
as RICH as King Cophetua.”*

*least there is no mention of King Cophetua’s RICHES in
the present ballad, which is the eldest I have met with on
subject.*

*It is printed from Rich. Johnson’s “Crown Garland of
Goulden Rosēs,” 1612. 12mo. (where it is intituled simply,
SONG OF A BEGGAR AND A KING:) corrected by
other copy.*

I Read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine :
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all disdaine.
But, marke, what hapned on a day.
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shoothes so trim,
From heaven downe did hie ;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye :

268 ANCIENT SONGS

Which soone did pierce him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie ?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head ;
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poore begger must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her compayne,
That so did 'maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my wife ;

20

25

30

35

40

Or

Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.

Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes ;
Fall little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies.

The gods preserve your majesty
The beggers all gan cry :

Vouchsafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.

The king to them his purfle did cast,
And they to part it made great haste,
The silly woman was the last
That after them did hye.

The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine,
And said, With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye :

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene ;

With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene :

Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree :
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.

Whet

What is thy name, faire maid, quoth he ?
 Penelophon, O king, quoth she :
 With that she made a lowe courtsey,
 A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
 Unto the king's pallace :
 The king with courteous comly talke
 This begger doth imbrace :
 The begger blusheth scarlet red,
 And straight againe as pale as lead,
 But not a word at all she said,
 She was in such amaze.
 At last she spake with trembling voyce
 And said, O king, I doe rejoice
 That you wil take me for your choyce,
 And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
 The king commanded strait
 The noblemen both all and some
 Upon the queene to wait.
 And she behavde herself that day,
 As if she had never walkt the way ;
 She had forgot her gowne of gray,
 Which she did weare of late.
 The proverbe old is come to passe,
 The priest, when he begins his masse,

Forget

rgets that ever clerke he was, 95
 He knowth not his estate.

Are you may read, Cophetua,
 Though long time fancie-fed,
 Impelled by the blinded boy
 The begger for to wed, 100
 e that did lovers lookes disdaine,
 o do the fame was glad and faine,
 r else he would himselfe have slaine,
 In storie, as we read.
 isdaine no whit, O lady deere, 105
 it pitty now thy fervant heere,
 east that it hap to thee this yeare,
 As to that king it did.

nd thus they led a quiet life
 During their princely raine ; 110
 nd in a tombe were buried both,
 As writers sheweth plaine.
 he lords they tooke it grievously,
 he ladies tooke it heavily,
 he commons cryed pitiously, 115
 Their death to them was paine.
 heir fame did sound so passingly,
 hat it did pierce the starry sky,
 nd throughout all the world did flye
 To every princes realme. 120

TAKE

^{15.} Here the Poet addresses himself to his mistress.
^{2.} Sheweth was anciently the plur. numb.

V.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE,

—is supposed to have been originally a Scottish Ballad. The reader has here an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional Stanza (the 2d.) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish Edit. Shakespeare in his OTHELLO, A. 2. has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: The old MS readings are however given in the margin.

THIS winters weather waxeth cold,
And frost doth freeze on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill;
Bell my wife, who loves no strife,
She sayd unto me quietlie,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes life,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

H_E.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte ‘and scorne’?
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin :
It is so bare and overworne,
A cricke † he thereon cannot renn :

10

Then

† *Perhaps ticke.*

Then Ile noe longer borrow nor lend,
 ' For once Ile new appareld bee,
 To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,' 15
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE

Cow Crambocke is a very good cowe,
 Shee has been alwayes true to the payle,
 Still has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
 And other things she will not fayle ; 20
 I wold be loth to see her pine,
 Good husband, councell take of mee,
 It is not for us to goe soe fine,
 Then take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake, 25
 Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
 But now it is not worth a groat ;
 I have had it four and forty yeare :
 Sometime it was of cloth in graine,
 'Tis now but a figh-clout as you may see, 30
 It will neither hold out wind nor raine ;
 Ill have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
 Since th' one of us the other did ken,

And

And wee have had betwixt us tow^e
 Of children either nine or ten ;
 Wee have brought them up to women and n
 In the feare of God I trow they bee ;
 And why wilt thou thyself milken ?
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell my wife, why dost thou floute !
 Now is nowe, and then was then :
 Seeke now all the world throughout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gt
 Soe farr above their owne degree :
 Once in my liffe Ile 'doe as they,'
 For Ill have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne,
 He held them sixpence all too deere ;
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thouse but of a low degree :
 It's pride that puttts the countreye downe,
 Then take thine old cloake about thee.

*Ver. 49. King Harry. MS. Ver. 50. I trow his ho
 Ver. 51. 12 pence. MS. Ver. 52. clowne. MS.*

Hz.

• Bell my wife she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can,
 And oft, to live a quiet life,
 I am forced to yield, though I me good-man': 60
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
 Unless he first give oer the plea :
 Where I began I now mun leave,
 And take mine old cloake about mee.

VI.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the WILLOW, in his OTHELLO, Act 4. sc. 3. though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner,

" My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie :
 " She was in love ; and he, she lov'd, forsook her,
 " And she prov'd mad. She had a Song of WILLOW.
 " An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune ;
 " And she dyed singing it."

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection thus intitled, " A Lovers complaint, being forsaken of his love. To a pleasant tune."

A Poore

A Poore soule sat fighing under a sicamore tree
 O willow, willow, willow !

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee
 O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland -

He figh'd in his finging, and after each grone,
 Come willow, &c.

I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;
 O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove
 O willow, &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
 O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one :
 O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble ; she rues not my mone.
 O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace,
 O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drownned his face:
 O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

15
The

The mute birds late by him, made tame by his mones :

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softned the stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlānd !

30

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove ;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be fair ; I, to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

35

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart, that's so hard !

Sing willow, &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c.

40

Sing, O the green willow, &c.

Let Love no more boast him in palace, or bower ;

O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

45

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining ? In vaine I complaine :

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne, and disdaine.

O willow, &c.

50

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

VOL. III.

N

Come,

178 ANCIENT SONGS

Come, all you forsaken, and set down by me,
 O willow, &c,
 He that's plaines of his false love, mine's falser than he.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

55

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleett;
 O willow, &c.
 A Garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

60

THE SECOND PART.

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,
 O willow, willow, willow !
 Against her too cruell, still still I complainne,
 O willow, willow, willow !
 O willow, willow, willow :
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart;
 O willow, &c.
 To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

10

O willow,

A N D B A L L A D S. 179

low, willow, willow ! the willow garland,
willow, &c.

1 of her falsenesse before me doth stand :
willow, &c. 15

O the greene willow, &c.

ore it doth bid to despair and to dye,
willow, &c.

ng it, friends, ore mee in grave where I lye :
willow, &c. 20

O the greene willow, &c.

ave where I rest mee, hang this to the view
willow, &c.

1 that doe knowes her, to blaze her untrue.
willow, &c. 25

, O the greene willow, &c.

these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
willow, &c.

he lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet.”
willow, &c. 30

, O the green willow, &c.

igh she shus unkindly hath scorned my love,
willow, &c.,

carelesly smiles at the sorrowes, I prove ;
willow, &c. 35

, O the green willow, &c.

180 ANCIENT SONG

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cause once well I loved her, and honoured
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the green willow shall be my gar

The name of her sounded so sweete in mine
O willow. &c.
It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of n
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my g
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguish, then brought i
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted : plaints end with
O willow, &c.
Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though
death.
O willow, willow, willow !
O willow, willow, willow !
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my ga

VII.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

This ballad is quoted in Shakespeare's second Part of HENRY IV. A. 2. sc. 4. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of K. Arthur (commonly called MORTE ARTHUR) being a poetical translation of Chap. cviii, cix, cx, in Pt. 1st. as they stand in Ed. 1634. 4to. In the older Editions the Chapters are differently numbered.—This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by the folio MS.

In the same play of 2 Hen. IV. SILENCE hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of ROBIN HOOD AND THE PINDAR OF WAKEFIELD.

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John :
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar
As he sate under a thorne.

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victoryes wanne,
And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his round table.

And many justs and tournaments,
Wherto were many prest,
Wherein some knights did then excell
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feates of armes,
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
In play, and game, and sport,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe
In some adventurous fort.

He armed rode in forrest wide,
And met a damfell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good care.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott:
For that cause came I hither.
Thou seemst, quoth she, a knight full go
And I will bring thee thither,

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame :
Therefore tell me what wight thou art,
And what may be thy name.

30

“ My name is Lancelot du Lake.”
Quoth she, it likes me than :
Here dwelles a knight who never was
Yet matcht with any man :

35

Who has in prison threescore knights
And four, that he did wound ;
Knights of king Arthurs court they be,
And of his table round.

40

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke ;
And Fairquin soon he spyd :
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

45

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest ;
Weel try our force together.

50

For, as I understand, thou haft,
 Soe far as thou art able,
 Done great despite and shame unto
 The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
 Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
 Both thee and all thy fellowship
 I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott ;
 Defend thee by and by.
 They sett their speares unto their steeds,
 And each att other flye.

They coucht their speares, (their horses ran 65
 As though there had been thunder)
 And strucke them each amidst their shields,
 Wherewith they broke in funder.

Their horses backes brake under them,
 The knights were both affoudt : 70
 To avoyd their horses they made haste
 And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shilds full fast,
 Their swrdes they drew ouf than,
 With mighty strokes most eagerlye
 Eache at the other ran. 75

'hey wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their swordes awhile,
Quoth Tarquine; Hold thy hand,

80

And tell to me what I shall aske.

Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.

I thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight
That ever I did know;

And like a knight, that I did hate:

85

Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee.

That is well sayd, quoth Lancelott;

90

But sith it must be soe,
What knight is that thou hatest thus?
I pray thee to me show.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,

He slew my brother deere;

Him I suspect of all the rest:

95

I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknownne,

I am Lancelot du Lake,

Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;

King Hauds son of Schuwake;

100

And

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And I desire thee do thy worst.
 Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
 One of us two shall end our lives
 Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
 Then welcome shalt thou bee :
 Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
 For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together so,
 Like unto wild boares rushing,
 And with their swords and shields they ran
 At one another flashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood :
 Tarquin began to yield,
 For he gave backe for wearinesse,
 And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,
 He leapt upon him then,
 He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
 And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,
 And, when he had soe done,
 From prison threescore knyghts and four
 Delivred everye one.

VIII. CORY]

VIII.

CORYDON's FAREWELL TO PHILLIS

—is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakespear's TWELFTH-NIGHT, A. 2. sc. 3.—It is found in a little ancient miscellany intituled, “The golden Garland of princely delights,” 12mo. b&h. lit.

In the same scene of the Twelfth Night, SIR TOBY sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys Collection. [Vol. 1. p. 33. 496.] but is so poor a performance, that it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza :

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon
 Of reputation great by fame,
 He took to wife a faire woman,
 Susanna she was calde by name ;
 A woman fair and vertuous ;
 Lady, lady !
 Why should we not of her learn thus
 To live godly ?

If this song of CORYDON, &c. has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.

FAREWELL,

FAREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs begone,
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.

Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie
There be many mo, though that she doe goe.

There be many mo, I fear not :
Why then let her goe, I care not.

5

Farewell, farewell ; since this I find is true,

I will not spend more time in wooing you :

But I will feek elsewhere, if I may find love there :

Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe ?

10

Shall I bid her goe and spare not ?

O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell ;—yet stay a while :—

Sweet, kiss me once ; sweet kisses time beguile :

I have no power to move. How now am I in love?

Wilt thou needs be gone ? Go then, all is one.

Wilt thou needs be gone ? Oh, hie thee !

Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart

Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.

20

But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,

Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.

Goe thy ways for me. But whither ?

Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

What

hat shall I doe ? my love is now departed.

25

ie is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.

She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated.

If she come no more, shall I die therefore ?

If she come no more, what care I ?

Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

30

IX.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

*In the "LIFE OF POPE SIXTUS V. translated from the
aliam of Greg. LETI, by the Rev. Mr. Farnsworth,
lio," is a remarkable passage to the following effect,*

"IT was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of my flesh if it is a lye. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth

" truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew a
 " althoſt distracteſ, when he was informed, that Secchi
 " ſolemnly ſwore he would compel him to an exact perſon
 " ance of his contract. A report of this transaction w
 " brought to the Pope, who ſent for the parties, and he
 " informed of the whole affair, ſaid, When contracts
 " made, it is but juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as this ſa
 " Take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fat
 " from any part you pleafe of the Jew's body. We adu
 " you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but
 " ſcruple more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly
 " hanged."

The Editor of that book is of opinion, That the ſcene betweeen Shylock and Antonio in the MERCHANT OF VENICE is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton in his " Observations on the Faerie queen †," has, with more probability, referred it to the following ballad, which ſhould ſet to have taken its rise from ſome ſuch ſtory. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakespeare's play, being not ſo circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a mere copyift, ſuch as we may ſuppoſe ballad-maker to be, could hardly have given himſelf trouble to alter. Indeed he expreſſly informs us, that he took his ſtory from the Italian writers. See the CONNOISSEUR Vol. I. No. 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority Let
 had for the foregoing fact, or at leaſt for connecting it with
 the taking of St. Domingo by Drake: for this expedition
 not happen till 1585, and it is very certain that a play of
 JEWES, " repreſenting the greedineſſe of worldly chufers, &
 " bloody minds of uſurers," had been exhibited at the play
 house called THE BULL, before the year 1579, being in
 time

† Vol. I. pag. 128. &c. † He wrote in the time of Charles

*ed in Steph. Goffe's Schoole of Abuse †, which was
printed in that year.*

As for Shakespeare's MERCHANT OF VENICE, the earliest edition known of it is in quarto 1600; though it had been exhibited before the year 1598, being mentioned together with eleven other of his plays in Meres's WITS TREASURY c. 1598. 12mo. fol. 282.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection †, intituled, "A new Song, shewing the crueltie of GERNUTUS, a JEWE, who lending to a merchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and yellow."

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor never yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

5

10

Or

† *Warton, ubi supra.* † *Compared with the Ashmole Copy.*

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
 That lyeth in a whoard ;
 Which never can do any good,
 Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
 He cannot sleep in rest,
 For feare the thiefe will him pursue
 To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
 How to deceive the poore ;
 His mouth is almost ful of mucke ;
 Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
 For every weeke a penny,
 Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
 If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
 Or else you loose it all :

30
This

Ver. 32. Her Cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakespeare SHYLOCK's argument for usury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's sheep, Act 1. to which ANTONIO replies,
 "Was this inserted to make interest good ?"
 "Or are your gold and silver EWES and rams ?"
 "SHY. I cannot tell, I make it BREED AS FAST."

This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came :

Desiring him to stand his freind
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes :
And he for it would pay

35

40

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew with fearing lookes)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one yeare you shall pay ;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

45

VOL. III.

O

But

er. 35. Shakespear has finely improved this, by making the merchant's motive for borrowing to be not on account of his own necessities, but for the service of his friend. Which at the same time it raises his character, becomes conducive to the general See the Connoisseur. ubi supra.

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But we will have a merry jeaſt,
For to be talked long :
You ſhall make me a bond, quoth he,
That ſhall be large and ſtrong :

And this ſhall be the forfeiture ;
Of your owne fleſhe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will ! the merchant fays :
And fo the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it ſhould be payd,

The merchants ſhips were all at ſea ,
And money came not in ;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin :

And to Gernutus strait he comes
With cap and bended knee ,
And ſayde to him, Of curteſie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay :
And little good the forfeiture
Will doe you, I dare fay.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
 Commaund it to your minde :
 In thinges of bigger waight then this
 You shall me ready finde.

75

He goes his way ; the day once past
 Gernutus doth not slacke
 To get a fergiant presently ;
 And clapt him on the backe :

80

And layd him into prisone strong,
 And sued his bond withall ;
 And when the judgement day was come,
 For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast, 85
 With many a weeping eye,
 For other means they could not find,
 But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART,

*" Of the Jews crueltie ; setting foorth the mercifullnesse of
 the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of Blache
 and yellow."*

SOME offered for his hundred crownes
 Five hundred for to pay ;
 And some a thousand, two or three,
 Yet still he did denay.

O 2

And

And at the last ten thousand crownes
 They offered, him to save.
 Gernutus sayd, I will no gold,
 My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
 And that shall be my hire.
 Then sayd the judge, Yet good my friend,
 Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,
 As yet you let him live:
 Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
 To thee here will I give.

No : no: quoth he, no: judgment here:
 For this it shall be tride,
 For I will have my pound of fleshe
 From under his right fide.

It grieved all the companie
 His crueltie to see,
 For neither friend nor foe could helpe
 But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
 With whetted blade in hand,
 To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
 By forfeit of his bond.

And

And as he was about to strike
 In him the deadly blow : 30
 Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie ;
 I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
 Which is of flesh a pound :
 See that thou shed no drop of bloud, 35
 Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
 Thou here shalt hanged be :
 Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
 No more than longes to thee : 40

For if thou take either more or lesse
 To the value of a mite,
 Thou shalt be hanged presently
 As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad, 45
 And wotes not what to say ;
 Quoth he at laft, Ten thousand crownes,
 I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to set him free.
 The judge doth answere make ; 50
 You shall not have a penny given ;
 Your forseyture now take.

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At the last he doth demand
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand !

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
Then' all the people pray'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthey man,
And for to trap the innocent
Devisheth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

Ver. 61. griped. *Affmol. copy.*

X

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE,

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, A. 3. sc. 1, and is ascribed (together with the REPLY) to Shakespeare himself by all the modern editors of his smaller poems. In Lintot's COLLECTION of them, 12mo (no date) is a copy of this sonnet containing only four stanzas (the 4th. and 6th. being wanting), accompanied with the first stanza of the Answer. This edition has some appearance of exactness, and is affirmed to be reprinted from an ancient copy, containing "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, and SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE, by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. LOND. printed for W. JAGGARD. 1599." — If this may be relied on, then was this sonnet, &c. published, as Shakespeare's in his life time.

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakespeare, but) CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, wrote the song, and Sir WALTER RALEGH the "Nymph's reply:" For we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his COMPLEAT ENGLER †, under the character of "that smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and . . . an Answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. . . . Old-fashioned poetry but choicely good." It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries, for the editor of the "Muses Library," has reprinted a poem from ENGLAND'S

O 4

GLAND'S

† First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

GLAND's HELICON, 1600, subscribed Ignoto, and thus intitled, "In Imitation of C. Marlow," beginning thus,

" COME live with me and be my dear,
" And we will revel all the year,
" In plains and groves, &c."

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to MARLOW, and RALEIGH; notwithstanding the authority of Shakespeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless what spurious things were fastened upon him. Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, PERICLES, and the LONDON PRODIGAL, were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors HEMINGE and CONDELL, who were his intimate friends,† and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for besides the imitation above-mentioned, another is to be found among DONNE's poems, intitled "The Baits," beginning thus,

" COME live with me, and be my love,
" And we will some new pleasures prove
" Of golden sands, &c."

As for CHR. MARLOW, who was in high repute for his Dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, I. 138.

LIVE with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There

† He mentions them both in his will.

There will we fit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

5

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle ;

10

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

15

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's young,

These

202 A N C I E N T S O N G S

These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield :
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joyes no date, nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

XL.

'US ANDRONICUS's COMPLAINT.

reader has bore an ancient ballad on the same subject in the play of TITUS ANDRONICUS, and there is no doubt, one was borrowed from the other : which of them was original it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument advanced above in p. 190 for the priority of the ballad of THE EMPEROR OF VENICE be admitted as conclusive, somewhat of the kind may be urged here ; for this ballad differs from the other in several particulars, which a simple Ballad-writer is less likely to alter than an inventive Tragedian. In the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the full treatment of TITUS afterwards the more plausible. Neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the final cause of all her cruelties. In the play Titus loses one of his sons in war, and kills another for afflicting us to carry off Lavinia : the reader will find it difficult in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the Emperor's Son : in the play to his Brother. In the tragedy both of his sons fall into the pit, and the Third being dead returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house : in the ballad all Three are entrapped and die. In the scene the Emperor kills Titus, and is then stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let

Let the Reader weigh these circumstances and some others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself.—After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him, for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited “five and twenty, or thirty “years;” which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date, than can be found for any other of his pieces †: and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt.

The following is given from a Copy in “The Golden Garland” intitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled “The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus, “ &c.—To the tune of Fortune.”—Unluckily none of them have any dates.

YOU noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home,

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peers;
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad,

For

† The earliest known, is KING JOHN in two parts 1591. 4th bl. let. This play be afterwards intirely new wrote, as we well have it.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent ;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

10

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe :
Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

15

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

20

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife,
The moore, with her two sonnes did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The moore soe pleas'd this new-made empres' eie, 25
That she consented to him secretly
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the moore of bloody minde
Against my selfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their ends.

30

Soe

206 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
 Both care and griefe began then to increase :
 Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
 Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight :

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
 To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man :
 Who in a hunting by the emperours wife,
 And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wise,
 Into a darksome den from light of skies :
 The cruell moore did come that way as then
 With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,
 For to accuse them of that murderous deed ;
 And when my sonnes within the den were found,
 In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold ! what wounded most my mind,
 The empresses two sonnes of savage kind
 My daughter ravished without remorse,
 And tooke away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,
 Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to fowre,
 They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
 How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Thea

A N D B A L L A D S.

207

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite
 Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
 Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
 The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

60

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
 Staining the graffie ground with purple bloud,
 That trickled from her stumps, and bloudlesse armes :
 Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
 With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face :
 For my Lavinia I lamented more,
 Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

65

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
 With griefe mine aged heart began to breake ;
 We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
 Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

70

For with a staffe without the helpe of hand,
 She writh these wordes upon the plat of sand :
 " The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
 " Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

75

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
 I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,
 I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
 In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

80

The

208 A N C I E N T S O N G S

The moore delighting still in villainy,
 Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free
 I should unto the king my right hand give,
 And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
 Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
 But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
 And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
 They sent to me my bootesse hand againe,
 And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
 Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past relief I upp and downe did goe,
 And with my tears writ in the dust my woe :
 I shot my arrowes ^t towards heaven hie,
 And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
 Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
 (She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
 To undermine and heare what I would say.

^t If the ballad was written before the play, I should j
 this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that
 Psalms, "They shoot out their arrowes, even bitter u
 Pi. 64. 3.

I fed their foolish veines † a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secrett place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumps, wherein the bloud it ran :
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet servde in stately wise :
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat ;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I flewe with bloody knife,
And stabb'd the emperor immediateli,
And then myself : even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd :
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

105

110

115

120

† i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.

XII.

TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 4. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's BLOODY BROTHER, A. 5. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller Poems, but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him; their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespeare's SONNETS reprinted by Lintot.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetlye were forsworne,
And those eyes, the breake of day,
Lights, that do misleade the morne :
But my kisses bring againe,
Seales of love, but feal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
Which thy frozen bosom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe,
Are of those that April wears :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XIII. KING

† Bp. Warb. in his Shakeſp.

KIII.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The Reader has here an ancient ballad on the Subject of KING LEAR, which (as a sensible female critic has well observed †) bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakespeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain, that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles ‡ do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters: In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within, this the Reader must weigh and judge for himself.—After all, 'tis possible that Shakespeare and the author of this ballad might both of them be indebted to a more ancient dramatic Writer. For that an older play of KING LEIR had been exhibited before Shakespeare wrote, and is even still extant in print, I am assured upon undoubted authority, tho' I have not been so lucky as to obtain a sight of it.

This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland" bl. let. intitled, "A lamentable song of the Death of King Leir, and his three daughters. To the Tune of 'When flying fame.'"

† Shakespeare illustrated, Vol. 3. p. 302.

‡ See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holinshed, &c. who relate Leir's history in many respects the same as the ballad.

KING Leir once ruled in this land,
 With princely power and peace,
 And had all things with hearts content,
 That might his joys increase :
 Amongst those things that nature gave,
 Three daughters fair had he,
 So princely seeming beautiful,
 As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
 A question thus to move,
 Which of his daughters to his grace
 Could shew the dearest love :
 For to my age you bring content,
 Quoth he, then let me hear
 Which of you three in plighted troth,
 The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began,
 Dear father, mind, quoth she,
 Before your face, to do you good,
 My blood shall render'd be :
 And for your sake my bleeding heart
 Shall here be cut in twain,
 Ere that I see your reverend age
 The smallest grief sustain.

And

And so will I, the second said : 25

Dear father, for your sake,

The worst of all extremities

I'll gently undertake ;

And serve your highness night and day

With diligence and love ; 30

That sweet content and quietness ;

Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,

The aged king reply'd ;

But what sayst thou, my youngest girl, 35

How is thy love ally'd ?

My love (quoth young Cordelia then)

Which to your grace I owe,

Shall be the duty of a child,

And that is all I'll show. 40

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,

Than doth thy duty bind ?

I well perceive thy love is small,

When as no more I find :

Henceforth I banish thee my court, 45

Thou art no child of mine ;

Nor any part of this my realm ;

By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
 Than well I can demand,
 To whom I equally bestow
 My kingdome and my land :
 My pompal state and all my goods,
 That lovingly I may
 With those thy sisters be maintain'd
 Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
 By these two sisters here :
 The third had causeless banishment,
 Yet was her love more dear :
 For poor Cordelia patiently
 Went wandring up and down,
 Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
 Through many an English town :

Untill at last in famous France
 She gentler fortunes found ;
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
 The fairest on the ground :
 Where when the king her virtues heard,
 And this fair lady seen,
 With full consent of all his court
 He made his wife and queen.

Her father ' old' king Lear this while
 With his two daughters staid,
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
 Full soon the same decay'd,
 And living in queen Ragan's court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chieffest means,
 And most of all his train.

75

80

For whereas twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee :
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three :
 Nay, one she thought too much for him,
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king,
 He would no longer stay.

85

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave ?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell ;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.

90

95

216 ANCIENT SONGS

Full fast he hies then to her court ;
 Where when she heard his moan
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,
 That all his means were gone : 100
 But no way could relieve his wants ;
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears, 105
 He made his answer then ;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's court ; 110
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away :
 When he was well within her court 115
 (She said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell,
 The woeful king did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by. 120

But

But there of that he was deny'd,
 Which she had promis'd late :
 For once refusing, he should not
 Come after to her gate.
 Thus twixt his daughters, for relief 125
 He wandred up and down ;
 Being glad to feed on beggars food,
 That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
 His youngest daughters words, 130
 That said the duty of a child
 Was all that love affords :
 But doubting to repair to her,
 Whom he had banish'd so,
 Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind 135
 He bore the wounds of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
 And tresses from his head,
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
 With age and honour spread : 140
 To hills and woods and watry founts,
 He made his hourly moan,
 Till hills and woods, and sensless things,
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

218 ANCIENT SONGS

Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance.
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To reposesse king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battel slain:
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Posset his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who died indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battel move ;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted :
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

170

175

The lords and nobles when they saw
 The end of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents :
 And being dead, their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin :
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

180

XIV.

YOUTH AND AGE,

— is found in the little collection of Shakespeare's Sonnets, intituled the PASSIONATE PILGRIME †, the greatest part of which seem to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis,

† See above, page 199.

Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written, while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of good will," it is reprinted, with the addition of IV. more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

C R A B B E D Age and Youth
 Cannot live together ;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care :
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare :
 Youth is full of sport,
 Ages breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame :
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee ,
 O, my love, my love is young :
 Age, I do despise thee ;
 Oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

10

15

20

XV.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S
GOOD FORTUNE.

The following ballad is upon the same subject, with the induction to Shakespeare's TAMING OF THE SHREW: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told † of PHILIP the GOOD, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer. "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter, when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hant, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other dorneystick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he woulde in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, iursting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great Duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and

" all

† By Ludov. Vives in Epist. & Pont. Heut. Rerum Burgund.

" all the rest of those court-like pleasures : but late at night,
 " when he was well tipled, and again fast asleepe, they put
 " on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place, where
 " they first found him. Now the fellowe had not made them
 " so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he re-
 " turned to himselfe : all the jest was to see how he looked
 " upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the
 " poore man told his friends he had seen a vision ; constantly
 " beleeved it ; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the
 " jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of melancholy. Pt. 2.
 sect. 2. Memb. 4. 2d. Ed. 1624. fol.

This ballad is given from a black letter in the Pepys Collection, which is intituled as above, "To the tune of, Fond boy."

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
 One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport :
 But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
 Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest :
 A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground, 5
 As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
 Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
 O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
 To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd : 10
 Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes and hose,
 And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
 They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt :

On

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown, 15
 They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown :
 In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
 For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
 Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait : 20
 And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,
 He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware :
 The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
 And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
 Which he straitways put on without longer dispute ; 26
 With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,
 And it seem'd for to fwell him ' no' little with pride ;
 For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?
 Sure she never did see me so fine in her life. 30

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace,
 Did observe his behaviour in every case.
 To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
 Trumpets sounding before him : thought he this is great :
 Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view, 35
 With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was dreft, both for him and his guests,
 He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,

In

In a rich chair ' or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head :
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

N
T
C
N

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snor,
Being seven times drunker then ever before.

T
E
B
T
V
I

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again : 50
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might,
But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory ' to him' so pleasant did seem, 55
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;
Till at length being brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon as fearing he had set him at nought ;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid. 60

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak ;
Nay,

Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground;
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old bras to mend, for I'll be thy good friend, 65
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchefs attend.

Then the tinker reply'd; What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land e'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand: 70
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

XVI.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Dispersed thro' Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which, could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together and form them into a little TALE, which is here submitted to the Reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

IT was a friar of orders gray,
 Walkt forth to tell his beades ;
 And he met with a lady faire,
 Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine
 My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love,
 From many another one ?
 O by his cockle hat, and staff,
 And by his fandal shooone §.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
 That were so fair to view ;
 His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
 And cyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone !
 Lady, he's dead and gone !
 And at his head a green grass turfe,
 And at his heels a stone.

Within

¶ These are the distinguishing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle shells in their bats to denote the intention or performance of their pilgrimage. Warb. Shakeſp. Vol. 8. p. 224.

AND BALLADS.

227

Within these holy cloyfsters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And didst thou dye for love of me !
Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady, weep not soe ;
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas ! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and figh ;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye.

Q. 2

Weep

23

30

35

40

228 ANCIENT SONGS

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
 Thy sorrow is in vain :
 For, violets pluckt the sweetest flowers
 Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
 Why then should sorrow last ?
 Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
 Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar ;
 I pray thee, say not soe :
 For since my true-love dyed for mee,
 'Tis meet my tears shoulde flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?
 Will he ne'er come again ?
 Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
 For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
 The comliest youth was he :—
 But he is dead and laid in his grave :
 Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever :
 One foot on sea and one on land,
 To one thing constant never.

A N D B A L L A D S.

229

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

70

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe :
My love he had the truest heart :
O he was ever true !

75

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou dye for mee ?
Then farewell home ; for, ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee.

80

But first upon my true-loves grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kis the green-gras turf,
That wraps his breathles clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall :
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

85

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not I pray :
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

90

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears;
 For see beneath this gown of gray
 Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought;
 And here amid these lonely walls
 To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace ♫
 Is not yet past away;
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart:
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

♪ *The year of probation, or noviciate.*

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



CHEVY CHACE
SONGS AND BALLADS,

&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK III.

I.

**THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF
CHEVY CHACE.**

*At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original
Song of Chevy Chace. The reader has here the more
improved edition of that fine Heroic ballad. It will afford*

an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has every where improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction: yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsoleteness of the stile serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy express in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related in a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza in pag. 14. which in modern orthography, &c. would run thus,

“ For Witherington my heart is awoe,
 “ That ever he slain should be:
 “ For when his legs were bewon in two,
 “ He knelt and fought upon his knee.”

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy;

“ The dint it was both sad and sore,
 “ He on Montgomery set:
 “ The swan-feathers his arrow bore
 “ With his hearts blood were wet.” p. 13.

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottish warriours chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset, (p. 9.) is to the following effect.

“ The

"The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled : the English, says, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which flew seven score spearmen the enemy : but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas the brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls met, and after a spirited encounter agree to breathe ; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this : whereas the modern copy, tho' in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Instead the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. " Yet bydy the jerl Douglas upon the BENT," evidently signifies, " yet the earl Douglas abides in the FIELD :" Whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by BENT, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject,

" To drive the deer with bound and born
" Earl Douglas had the bent." p. 109.

ONE may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either : tho' he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

" Of fifteen hundred archers of England
" Went away but fifty and three,
" Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
" But even five and fifty." p. 14.

He

He attributes FLIGHT to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scott FLEE; some reviver of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an Edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed,

“ Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears
 “ Went home but fifty three:
 “ Of twenty hundred Englishmen,
 “ Scarce fifty five did flee.”

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 241, and ver. 249.—From this Edition I have reformed the Scottish names in pag. 244, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so, for that it could not be quite much later than the time of Q. Elizabeth, I think may be made appear, nor yet does it seem to be older than the latter end of her reign. Sir Philip Sidney when he complains of the antiquated phrase of CHEVY CHACE, could never have seen the improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of the admired writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and so free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time appears from the phrase DOLEFUL DUMPS: which in that age carried no ill sense with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above p. 164, 5: Yet in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. See Hudibras, Pt. 1. c. 3. v. 95.

THIS much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison.† With regard to

† In the Spectator. No. 70. 74.

objection: it has already been considered in page 3d. The features there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the Memoirs of Cary, Earl of Monmouth, 8vo. 1759. 65. Whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with borderers of the two kingdoms when they were at peace, and to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave out within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several together "with their GREY-HOUNDS FOR DEER;" but by took this liberty unpermitted, that the Lord Warden of order so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport, baptise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance happened while he was Warden, when some Scots Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, where must have ensue such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for upon being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some rt was done, tho' he had given especiall orders that they vold shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect wounded and taken prisoners, and only released on their ise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future. The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio compared with two or three others printed in black letter. the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found translation of Chevy Chace into Latin Rhymes. The trans., Mr. Henry Bold of New College, undertook it at the and of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London; who thought it na tional to his episcopal dignity, to ave a fondness for this lent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 8vo.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

236 ANCIENT SONGS

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
 Earl Percy took his way ;
 The child may rue that is unborne,
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summers days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
 To kill and beare away.
 These tydings to Earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
 He wold prevent his sport.
 The English earl not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort ;

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well in time of neede,
 To aime their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow-deere :
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 Ere day-light did appeare ;

And

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine ;
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up againe.

30

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Theire backfides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

35

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

40

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere ;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promisid
This day to meeete me heere :

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer wold I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the earle did say ;

45

Loe yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our fight ;

50

All

138 ANCIENT SONG

All men of pleasant Tavydale,
Fast by the river Tweede :
Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede :

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a speare.

Earl Douglas on a milke-white steede
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armeour shone like gold :

Show me, sayd he, whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere ?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee ;
Who sayd, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee :

A N D B A L L A D S.

239

Yeet will wee spend our dearest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.

Then Douglas swore a solemne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,

80

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an earl thou art ;
Lord Percy soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pitty it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

85

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.
Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy sayd,
By whome this is denied.

90

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

95

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You bee two earls, sayd Witherington,
And I a squire alone :

100

116

240 A N C I E N T S O N G \$

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have pow'r to weeld my fword.
Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew ;
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deere with hound and horné,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride,
Their speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grieve to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earles did meet,
Like captaines of great might ;
Like lyons wood, they layd on load,
And made a cruell fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steele ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

125

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king :

130

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight,
That ever I did see.

135

Noe, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne ;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yet was borne.

140

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which strucke Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow :

Who never spoke more words then theſe,
Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy fees my fall.

145

O.L. III.

R

Then

Then leaving life, Earl Percy tooke
 The dead man by the hand ;
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Wold I had left my land.

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed,
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take..

A knight amangst the Scotts there was,
 Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
 Who freight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
 Who, with a speare most bright,
 Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,
 Without all dread or feare ;
 And thro' Earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hatefull speare ;

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The speare went through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none cold staine :
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slaine ; 175

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee : 180

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon,
In his hearts blood was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel scarce was done. 185

With brave Earl Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Ogerton*,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron : 190

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
Whose proweste did surmount. 195

* The names here seem to be corrupted from the old Copy.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
 As one in doleful dumpes * ;
 For when his leggs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slaine
 Sir Hugh Mountgomery ;
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
 One foote would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
 His sisters sonne was hee ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved cold not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
 Did with Earl Douglas dye :
 Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
 Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
 Went home but fifty-three ;
 The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,
 Under the green woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
 Their husbands to bewayle ;

* i. e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The
 tion here has generally been misunderstood.

A N D B A L L A D S. 245

They waſht their wounds in briñiſh teares,
But all wold not prevayle. 220

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
They bare with them away ;
They kiſt them dead a thoufand times,
When they were eladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborow, 225
Where Scotlands king did rayne,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenlye
Was with an arrow flaine :

O heavy newes, King James did ſay,
Scotland can witneſſe bee, 230
I have not any captaine more
Of ſuch account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Percy of Northumberland 235
Was flaine in Chevy-Chafe :

Now God be with him, ſaid our king,
Sith it will no better bee ;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee ; 240

Yett ſhall not Scotts nor Scotland ſay,
But I will vengeance take,

246 ANCIENT SONGS

I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, on Humbledowne ;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renoune :

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye :
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chafe,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and blefs this land
In plentye, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

245

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II.

DEATH's FINAL CONQUEST.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intituled "The Contentions of Ajax and Ulysses :" no date, 8vo. — Shirley flourished as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 29. 1666. Aet. 72.

This

This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece.

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate:
 Death lays his icy hands on kings :
 Scepter and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

5

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield
 They tame but one another still.
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they pale captives creep to death.

10

15

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon death's purple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds:
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

20

III.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy the seventh earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all readily consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the tower, and summons were sent to the Northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person †. The Earl was

there

† This circumstance is over-looked in the ballad.

then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising
hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland,
at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them and pressed
them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set
up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the
ancient religion, to remove evil counsellors from the queen,
and cause justice to be done to the D. of Norfolk, and other
lords in prison. Their common banner † (on which was
displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ)
was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq. of
Norton-conyers; who with his sons (among whom, Christopher,
Marmaduke and Thomas, are expressly named by
Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having
entered Durham and caused mass to be said there, they
marched on to Clifford-moor near Wetherby, where they
mustered their men. Their intention was to have marched to
York, but altering their minds they fell upon Barnard's castle,
which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven
days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in ho-
pitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were
masters of little ready money; the E. of Northumberland
bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the E. of West-
moreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they
were not able to march to London, as they had at first
intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so
visibly to despise that many of his men flunk away, tho' Nor-
thumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master
of the field till December 13. when the Earl of Sussex, ac-
companied with Lord Hunsdon and others, having marched
out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being
followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose
Dudley Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated north-
wards, towards the borders, and there dismissing their
followers, made their escape into Scotland. Tho' this in-
surrection

† Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of
the two noblemen.

surrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshall of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast that for sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Carte and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a noble earle,
The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire ladie : †
I heare a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight, or flee.

Now

† This lady was Anne daughter of Henry Somerset E. of Worcester.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
 That e'er such harm should hap to thee:
 But goe to London to the court,
 And fair fall truth and honestie.

10

Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
 Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
 Mine enemies prevail so fast,
 That at the court I may not bee.

15

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
 And take thy gallant men with thee:
 If any dare to doe you wrong,
 Then your warrant they may bee.

20

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
 The court is full of subtilitie;
 And if I goe to the court, lady,
 Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
 And I myselfe will goe wi' thee;
 At court then for my dearest lord,
 His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

25

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
 Far lever had I lose my life,
 Than leave among my cruell foes
 My love in jeopardy and strife.

30

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
 Come thou hither unto mee,
 To maister Norton thou must goe
 In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentleman,
 And beare this letter here fro mee;
 And say that earnestly I praye,
 He will ryde in my companie.

One while the little footpage went,
 And another while he ran ;
 Until he came to his journeys end,
 The little footpage never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
 Down he knelt upon his knee ;
 Quoth he, My lord commendeth him,
 And sends this letter unto thee.

And when the letter it was redd
 Affore that goodlye companye,
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
 There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee ;
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
 Now that good earle's in jeopardy ?

Father,

Father, my counselle's fair and free ;
 That earle he is a noble lord,
 And whatsoever to him you hight,
 I wold not have you breake your word.

60

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
 And if we speed and scape with life,
 Well advanced thou shalt bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes, 65
 Gallant men I trowe you bee :
 How many of you, my children deare,
 Will stand by that good earle and mee ?

Eight of them did answer make,
 Eight of them spake haftlie, 70
 O father, till the daye we dye
 We'll stand by that good earle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
 You shewe yourselves right bold and brave ;
 And whethersoe'er I live or dye, 75
 A fathers blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
 Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire :
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast,
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare. 80
 Father,

Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is gray,
It were a shame at these your yeares
For you to ryfe in such a fray.

Now fyce upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of mee :
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee?

But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked wi' I bee,
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave Earl Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The earle of Westmorland was hee :
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to fee.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent rasse,
The dun bull he rays'd on hye,
Three dogs with golden collars brave
Were there fett out most royallye.

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hee

•ar Percy there his aycyent spred, 105

The halfe moone shining all soe faire:

The Nortons aycyent had the crosse,

Aad the five wounds our Lord did heare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,

After them fome spoyle to make:

Those noble earles turn'd backe againe,

And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,

To Barnard castle then fled hee.

The uttermost walles were eathen to win, 110

The earles have wounen them prefendic.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;

But though they wan them soon anone,

Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,

For they were cut in rocke of stonye. 115

Then newes unto levee London came

In all the spedde that ever may bee,

And word is brought to our royll queene

Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,

125

And like a royll queene she swore,

I will ordynne them such a breakfast,

As never was in the North before.

*This is quite in character: her majestie would sometimes
r at her nobles, as well as box their ears.*

256 A N C I E N T S O N G S

She caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,
 With horse and harneis faire to see,
 She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
 To take the earles i'th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Earle Warwick went,
 Th' earle Sussex and the lord Hunsdèn;
 Untill they to Yorke castle came
 I wiss, they never stant ne blan. 13

Now spread thy aycyent, Westmorland,
 Thy dun bull faine would we spye :
 And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
 Now rayse thy halfe moone up on hye. 14

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
 And the halfe moone vanished away :
 The Earles though they were brave and bold,
 Against foe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
 They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth !
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
 Nor them their faire and blooming youthe. 15

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
 They cruellye bereav'd of life :
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,
 And widowed many a tender wife.

IV.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED
BY DOUGLAS.

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was strip'd and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas.—All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that TO TAKE HECTOR'S CLOAK, grew into a proverb to express a man, who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshead, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven, till the year 1572; when James Douglas Earl of Morton, being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden, at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant Historian thinks, "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands, a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom during his exile in England

had been much indebted to Noribumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertson's Hist.

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard, soon after the event. The interposal of the WITCH-LADY (v. 53) is probably his own invention: yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl of Angus and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the lady alluded to, in verse 133.

The following is printed (like the former) from two copies: one of them in the Editor's folio MS: Which also contains another ballad on the escape of the E. of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

HO long shall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
It was my sore and heavye lott:
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is much bound to mee :
He dwelleth on the border side,
To him I'll goe right privilie.

Thus

10

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
 With a heavy heart and wel-away;
 When he with all his gallant men
 On Bramham moor had lost the day.

15

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
 They dealt with him all treacherouslye,
 For they did strip that noble earle:
 And ever an ill death may they dye.

26

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
 To shew him where his gueft did hide:
 Who sent him to the Lough-leven,
 With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
 He halched him right curteouslie:
 Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
 Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

27

When he had in Lough-leven been
 Many a month and many a day;
 To the regent || the lord warden + sent,
 That bannisht earle for to betray.

28

S 2

He

|| James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland;

bo. 24. 1572.

+ Of one of the English marches. Lord Hunsden.

He offered him great store of gold,
 And wrote a letter fair to see :
 Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon, 35
 And yield that banisht man to mee.
 And thus to flyte with him began :

Earle Percy at the supper late
 With many a goodly gentleman :
 The wylie Douglas then bespake,
 And thus to flyte with him began : 40

What makes you be so sad, my lord,
 And in your mind so sorrowfullie ?
 To-morrow a shootinge will bee held
 Among the lords of the North countrye.

The butts are fett, the shooting's made, 45
 And there will be great royaltie :
 And I am sworne into my bille,
 Thither to bring my Lord Percie.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
 And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
 If thou wilt ride to the worldes end, 50
 I will ride in thy companie.

And then bespake a lady faire,
 Mary à Douglas was her name :
 You shall bide here, good English lord,
 My brother is a traitorous man. 55

He is a traitor stout and strong,
 As I tell you in privitie :
 For he has tane liverance of the earle †,
 Into England powe to 'liver thee.

60

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
 The regent is a noble lord :
 Ne for the gold in all Englaund,
 The Douglas wold not break his word,

When the regent was a banisht man,
 With me he did faire welcome find ;
 And whether weal or woe betide,
 I still shall find him true and kind,

65

Tween England and Scotland 'twold break truce,
 And friends again they wold never bee,
 If they shold 'liver a banisht earle
 Was driven out of his own countrie.

70

Alas ! alas ! my lord, the fayes,
 Nowe mickle is their traitorlie ;
 Then let my brother ride his ways,
 And tell those English lords from thee,

75

How that you cannot with him ride,
 Because you are in an isle of the sea †,

S 3

Then

† Of the earl of Morton, the Regent.

† i. e. Lake of Leven, which bath communication with the sea.

Then ere my brother come againe
 To Edinbrow castle || Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
 He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
 And he will lose both land and life,
 Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
 When I thinke on my own countrie,
 When I thinke on the heavye happe
 My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
 And sore those wars my minde distresse ;
 Where many a widow lost her mate,
 And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man,
 Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
 To cause my faire and noble friends
 To be suspect of treacherie.

This rives my heart with double woe ;
 And lever had I dye this day,
 Then thinke a Douglas can be false,
 Or ever will his guest betray.

|| At that time in the bands of the opposite faction.

40

85

90

95

100

If

If you'll give me no trus^t, my lord,
 Nor unto mee no credence yield ;
 Yet step one moment here aside,
 Ile shewe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
 Never dealt in privy wyle ;
 But evermore held the high-waye
 Of truth and honoure, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde,
 Yet send your chamberlaine with mee ;
 Let me but speak three words with him,
 And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,
 She shewed him through the weme of her ring
 How many English lords there were
 Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
 So royallye on yonder greene ?
 O yonder is the lord Hunsdēn † :
 Alas ! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
 That walkes so proudly him besidē ?

S 4

That

The Lord Warden of the East marches.

That is Sir William Drury ||, she sayd,
A keen captaine he is and tryed,

How many miles is it, madame,
Betwixt yond English lords and mee ?
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
To sayl to them upon the sea.

I never was on English ground,
Ne never sawe it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth mee,
And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother she was a witch ladye,
And of her skille she learned mee,
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citie.

But who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with sic an austerne face ?
Yond er is Sir John Foster †, quoth shee,
Alas ! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

He pulled his hatt down over his browe,
And in his heart he was full woe ;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
Those sorrowfull tidings him to show.

Now

|| Governor of Berwick.
† Warden of the Middle march.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynārd, 145
 I may not believe that witch ladie :
 The Douglasses were ever true,
 And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been
 The most part of these years three, 150
 And I have never had noe outrake,
 Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
 As to the Douglas I have hight :
 Betide me weale, betide me woe, 155
 He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
 And gave it to that faire ladie :
 Sayes, It was all that I cold save,
 In Harley woods where I cold bee *. 160

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,
 Then farewell truth and honestie ;
 And farewell heart and farewell hand ;
 For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd, 165
 And all the faylors were on borde ;
 Then William Douglas took to his boat,
 And with him went that noble lord.

Then

* i. e. Where I was. An ancient Idiom.

Then he cast up a silver wand,
Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well !
The lady fett a sigh soe deepe,
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,
A sicknes hath taken yond faire ladie;
If ought befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ;
Come on, come on, and let her bee :
There's ladyes know in Lough-leven
For to chear that gay ladie.

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,
Let me goe with my chamberlaine ;
We will but comfort that faire lady,
And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes,
Come on, come on, and let her bee :
My sister is crafty, and wold beguile
A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled † fifty mile,
Fifty mile upon the sea ;

† There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea : but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.

He sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fools faine,
And that by thee and thy lord is seen :
You may hap to think it soon enough, 195
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamey his hatt pulled over his browe,
He thought his lord then was betray'd ;
And he is to Earle Percy againe,
To tell him what the Douglas sayd. 200

Hold up thy head, man, quoth his lord ;
Nor therfore let thy courage fail :
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld, 205
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy call'd to the Douglas himselfe,
Sayed, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee ?

Looke that your bridle be wight, my lord,
And your horse goe swift as ship at sea : 210
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharp,
That you may prick her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas, he sayd ?
What needest thou to flyte with mee ?

For

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For I was counted a horseman good
Before that ever I met with thee.

215

A false Hector he hath my horſe,
Who dealt with mee ſo treacherouſlie :
A false Armstrong he hath my ſpurres,
And all the geere that belongs to mee.

220

When they had fayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the ſea ;
They landed him at Berwick towne,
The Douglas landed Lord Percie.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
It was, alas ! a sorrowful fight :
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

225

V.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonſon in his play of "Every man out of his humour," first acted in 1599. A. 1. Sc. 1. where an impatient person says

"I am no ſuch pil'd cynique to beleeve
That beggery is the onely happineſſe,
Or, with a number of theſe patient fooles,

"q"

*"To sing, " My minde to me a kingdome is,"
" When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode."*

*It is printed from two ancient copies; one of them in
lack letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed "A sweet
and pleasant sonet, entituled, " My Minde to me a King-
dom is. To the tune of, In Crete, &c."*

MY minde to me a kingdome is,
Such perfect joye therein I find,
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That world affords, or growes by kind *:
Though much I want that most men have, 5
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live, this is my stay,
I seek no more than may suffice,
I press to bear no haughty sway,
Looke what I lacke my mind supplies: 10
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers oft do fall;
I see how those that fit aloft, 15
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get, they toyle, they spend with care,
Such cares my mind could never beare.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine; 20
No

* i. e. is bestowed by nature.

No worldly wave my mind can tosse;
 I brooke that is anothers paine † :
 I feare no foe, I scorne no friend,
 I dread no death, I feare no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,

I little have, yet seek no more ;
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 My conscience clear my chiefe defence,
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence :
 Loe thus I live, thus will I die,
 Would all did so as well as I.

No princely pompe, no wealthy store,
 No force to get the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to win a lovers eye :
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why my mind despiseth all.

I joy

† i. e. I endure what gives another pain.

I joy not at an earthly blise,
 I weigh not Crefus' wealth a straw ;
 For care, I care not what it is,
 I fear not fortunes fattall law :
 My mind is such as may not move
 For beauty bright or force of love.

45

I wish not what I have at will,
 I wander not to seek for more,
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
 In greatest storme I sit on shore,
 And laugh at those that toile in vaine
 To get that must be lost again.

50

I kis not where I wish to kill,
 I faine no love where most I hate,
 I breake no sleep to winne my will,
 I waite not at the mighties gate,
 I scorne no poor, I fear no rich,
 I feele no want, nor have too much.

55

60

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;
 Extreames are counted worst of all,
 The golden meane betwixt them both,
 Doth surest fit, and fears no fall :
 This is my choyce, for why I finde,
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

65

VI.

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

The following tale is found in an ancient poem intitled ALBION'S ENGLAND, written by W. WARNER, a celebrated Poet in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, who his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Vol. 2. p. 231, 232.

Albo' the following stanzas are printed from an edition in 1602, yet "The first and second Parts of Albion's England, &c." made their appearance in 1589, 4^{to}; and were reprinted in 1597, under the title of "Albion's England; a continued historie of the same kingdom," &c. 4^{to}. See Ames's Typograph. where is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, intitled, "WARNER'S Poetry" printed in 1586, 12mo. and reprinted in 1602.

It is proper to premise, that the following lines were not written by the Author in stanzas, but in long Alexandrines of 14 syllables; which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

I Mpatience chaungeth smoke to flame;
 But jelouſie is hell;
 Some wives by patience have reduc'd
 Ill husbands to live well:
 As did the lady of an earle,
 Of whom I now shall tell.

5

An

An earle ' there was' had wedded, lov'd ;
 Was lov'd, and lived long
 Full true to his fayre countesse ; yet
 At last he did her wrong.

10

Once hunted he untill the chace,
 Long fasting, and the heat
 Did house him in a peakish graunge
 Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place 15
 And persons might afforde)
 Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
 Were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
 Halse backed with a hooke, 20
 Were brought him, and he fitteth down
 Besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread
 Were wheat, their whig were perry,
 Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds 25
 Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in russet neatly clad,
 With linen white as swanne,
 Herselfe more white, save rosie where
 The ruddy colour ranne : 30
 Vol. III. T Whom

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Whome naked nature, not the aydes
 Of arte made to excell)
 The good man's daughter sturres to see
 That all werefeat and well ;
 The earle did marke her, and admire
 Such beautie there to dwell,

35
 Yet fals he to their homely fare,
 And held him at a feast :
 But as his hunger flacked, so
 An amorous heat increast.

40
 When this repast was past, and thanks,
 And welcome too ; he sayd
 Unto his host and hostesse, in
 The hearing of the mayd :

45
 Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord
 Of this, and many townes ;
 I also know that you be poore,
 And I can spare you powndes.

50
 Soe will I, so yee will consent,
 That yonder lasse and I
 May bargaine for her love ; at leaft,
 Doe give me leave to trye.
 Who needs to know it ? nay who dares
 Into my doings pry ?

First they mislike, yet at the length
 For lucre were misled ;
 And then the gameſome earle did wowe
 The damſell for his bed.

He tooke her in his armeſ, as yet
 So coyish to be kiſt,
 As mayds that know themſelves belov'd,
 And yieldingly refiſt.

In few, his offers were ſo large
 She laſtly did confeſt ;
 With whom he lodged all that night,
 And early home he went. 65

He tooke occaſion oftentimes
 In ſuch a fort to hunt.
 Whom when his lady often miſt,
 Contrāry to his wont, 70

And laſtly was informed of
 His amorous haunt elsewhere ;
 It greev'd her not a little, though
 She feem'd it well to beare.

And thus ſhe reaſons with herſelfe,
 Some fault perhaps in me ;
 Somewhat is done, that ſo he doth :
 Alas ! what may it be ? 75

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How may I winne him to myselfe ?

He is a man, and men

Have imperfections ; it behooves

Me pardon nature then.

80

To checke him were to make him checke, †

Although hee now were chaste ;

A man controuled of his wife,

85

To her makes lesser haste.

If dutie then, or daliance may

Prevayle to alter him ;

I will be dutifull, and make

My selfe for daliance trim.

90

So was she, and so lovingly

Did entertaine her lord,

As fairer, or more faultles none

Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and

Did still purfue that game,

Suspecting nothing les, than that

His lady knew the same :

Wherfore to make him know she knew,

She this devise did frame :

95

100

When

† To CHECK is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit : To CHECK also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

When long she had been wrong'd, and sought
 The foresaid meanes in vaine,
 She rideth to the fimple graunge.
 But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well,
 And then did looke about her :
 The guiltie houshold knowing her,
 Did wish themselves without her ;
 Yet, for she looked merily,
 The leſſe they did misdoubt her.

105

110

When she had seen the beauteous wench
 (Than blushing fairnes fairer)
 Such beauty made the countesse hold
 Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait ?
 Thought she : and who (though loth)
 So poore a wench, but gold might tempt ;
 Sweet errors lead them both.

115

Scarfe one in twenty that had brag'd
 Of proffer'd gold denied,
 Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
 But, tenne to one, had lied.

120

Thus thought she : and she thus declares
 Her cause of coming thither,

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My lord, oft hunting in these partes,
Through travel, night or wether,

125

Hath often lodged in your houfe;
I thanke you for the fame;
For why? it doth him jolly ease
To lie so neare his game.

139

But, for you have not furniture
Beseeming such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come myfelfe
To see his lodging drest,

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
In which were hangings brave,
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
And al such turn should have.

155

When all was handfomly dispos'd,
She prayes them to have care
That nothing hap in their default,
That might his health impair:

140

And, Damsell, quothe shee, for it seemes
This houfholt is but three,
And for thy parents age, that this
Shall chiefly rest on thee;

145

Do me that good, else would to God
He hither come no more.

89

So tooke she horse, and ere she went

Bestowed gould good store.

150

Full little thought the countie that
His countesse had done so,
Who now return'd from far affaires
Did to his sweete-sheat go.

No sooner sat he foote within
The late deformed cote,
But that the formall change of things
His wondring eies did note.

155

But when he knew those goods to be
His proper goods ; though late,
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes
The matter to debate.

160

The countesse was a-bed, and he
With her his lodging tooke ;
Sir, welcome home (quoth shee) ; this night
For you I did not looke.

165

Then did he question her of such
His stiffe bestowed soe.
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did
Your loue and lodg'ng knowe :

170

Your loue to be a proper wench,
Your lodging nothing lesse ;

I held

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I held it for your health, the house
More decently to dress.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her,
Your lordship loveth me;
And greater hope to hold you such
By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.

Then for my dutie, your delight,
And to retaine your favour,
All done I did, and patiently
Expect your wonted 'baviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought
His gentle teares to fall :
When (kissing her a score of times)
Amend, sweet wife, I shall :
He said, and did it; 'so each wife
' Her husband may' recall,

175

180

185

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTYES.

The author and date of this little sonnet are unknown.

71

*Tis printed from a written copy, which had all the marks
of great antiquity.*

Y OU meaner beutyes of the night,
Which poorely satisfy our eyes,
More by your number then your light,
Like common people of the skyes ;
What are yee, when the moon doth rise ?

5

Y ee violets, that first appeare,
By your purple mantles known,
Like proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the spring were all your owne ;
What are yee when the rose is blown ?

10

Y ee wandring chaunters of the wood,
That fill the ayre with natures layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By weak accènts : What is your praise
When Philomel her voyce shall raise ?

15

So when my misfiris shall be seen
In sweetnesse of her looks, and minde ;
By vertue first, then choyce a queen ;
Tell mee if shee was not designde
The ecclipsē and glory of her kinde ?

20

VIII.

D O W S A B E L L .

The following stanzas were written by MICHAEL DRAYTON, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. They are inserted in one of his *Pastorals*, the first edition of which bears this whimsical Title. "Idia. The Shepbeards Garland, fashioned in nine Eglogs. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine muses. Lond. 1593." 4to. They are inscribed with the Author's name at length "To the noble and valerous gentle man master Robert Dudley, &c. It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio Edit. of his works, 1619, he had given those Eclogues so thorough a revision that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old Edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his Shepberds,

Listen to mee, my lovely shepbeards joye,
And thou shalt beare, with mirr and mickle gla,
A pretie tale, whiche when I was a boy,
My toothles grandame oft bath tolde to me.

The Author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical Romances; particularly that of SIR ISENBRAS †, (alluded to in v. 3.) as the reader may judge from the following specimen:

Lordynges,

† He was born in 1563, and died in 1631. Biog. Brit.
† As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas. v. 6.

Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here, &c.

*Ye shall well heare of a knight,
That was in warre full wyght,*

And doughtye of his dede :

His name was Syr Isenbras,

Man nobler then he was

Lyved none with brede.

*He was lyuely, large, and longe,
With shouolders broade, and armes stronge,*

That myghtie was to se :

He was a bardye man, and bye,

All men hym loved that hym se,

For a gentyll knyght was he :

Harpers loved him in hall,

With other minstrells all,

For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

10

15

20

*This ancient Legend was printed in black letter, 4to, by
William Copland; no date.—In the Cotton Library (Calig.
. 2.) is a MS copy of the same Romance containing the
readiest variations. They are probably two different trans-
lations of some French Original.*

FA R R E in the countrey of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Caisement,
As bolde as Isenbras :
Fell was he, and eger bent,
In battell and in tournament.
As was the good Sir Topas.

5

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowfabel,
A mayden fayre and free :
And

And for she was her fathers heire,
Full well she was y-cond the leyre
Of mickle curtesie.

The filke well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle werke :
And she couth helpe the priest to say
His mattins on a holy-day,
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
Might well beseeeme a mayden queene,
Which seemly was to see ;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Y-wrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grasse that growes by Dove ;
And lyth as lasse of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime,
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get sweete cetywall,
The honey-fuckle, the harlocke,

The

The lilly and the lady-smocke, 35
 To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,
 Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
 She chanced to espie
 A shepheard sitting on a bancke, 40
 Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,
 And pip'd full merrilie.

He leard his sheepe as he him list,
 When he would whistle in his fist,
 To feede about him round ; 45
 Whilſt he full many a carroll sung,
 Untill the fields and medowes rung,
 And all the woods did sound.

In favour this fame shepheards swayne
 Was like the bedlam Tamburayne *, 50
 Which helde proud kings in awe :
 But meeke he was as lamb mought be ;
 And innocent of ill as he
 Whom his lewd brother flaw.

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke,
 Which was of the finest loke, 55
 That could be cut with sheere :
 His

* Alluding to "Tamburlaine the great, or the Scythian Shepheard". 1590. 8o. an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.

His mittens were of bauzens *kinne*,
 His cockers were of cordiwin,
 His hood of meniveere.

60

His aule and lingell in a thong,
 His tar-boxe on his broad belt *hong*,
 His breech of coyntrie blewe :
 Full crisper and curled were his lockes,
 His browes as white as Albion rocks :
 So like a lover true,

65

And piping still he spent the day,
 So merry as the popingay ;
 Which liked Dowfabel :
 That would she ought, or would she nought,
 This lad would never from her thought ;
 She in love-longing fell.

70

At length she tucked up her frocke,
 White as a lilly was her smocke,
 She drew the shepheard nye :
 But then the shepheard pup'd a good,
 That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,
 To heare his melodye.

75

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,
 That have a jolly shepheards swayne,
 The which can pipe so well :

80

Yea

Yea but, sayth he, their shepheard may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe, 85
Quoth she ; looke thou unto thy sheepe,
Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, so had I done full well,
Had I not seene fayre Dowsabell
Come forth to gather maye. 90

With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her checks were like the roses red,
But not a word she sayd :
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne, 95
And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer-hall undight,
And all for long of thee.
My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde 100
Shall neither sheepe, nor shepheard hould,
Except thou favour mee.

Sayth she, yet lever were I dead,
Then I should lose my mayden-head,
And all for love of men. 105
Sayth

Sayth he, yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde,
As Colin was to Rosalinde,
Of curtesie the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever mayden yet mighte be
Unto her paramour.

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,
And him she sweetely kist:
With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, ther's never shepheards boy
That ever was so blist.

IX.

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE,

from Beaumont and Fletcher's play, intitled The Lover's Progress. A. 3. sc. 1.

A DIEU, fond love, farewell you wanton powers;
I am free again.
Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,

Fly

Fly to fools, that sigh away their time : 5
 My nobler love to heaven doth climb,
And there behold beauty still young,
 That time can ne'er corrupt nor death destroy,
Immortal sweetness by fair angels fung,
 And honoured by eternity and joy : 10
There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

X.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN,

affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of "Hymen's triumph : a pastoral tragicomedy" written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to. 1623. — Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vol. 12mo. 1718.

S Y R E N.

COME, worthy Greeke; Ulysses come,
 Possesse these shores with me,
 The windes and seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free.

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U

Here

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Here may we sit and view their toyle,
 That travaile in the deepe;
 Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleepe.

U L Y S S E S.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
 To be attain'd with ease,
 Then would I come and rest with thee,
 And leave such toiles as these :
 But here it dwels, and here must I
 With danger seek it forth ;
 To spend the time luxuriously
 Becomes not men of worth.

S Y R E N.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
 With that unreal name :
 This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
 And rests on others' fame.
 Begotten only to molest
 Our peace, and to beguile
 (The best thing of our life) our rest,
 And give us up to toyle !

U L Y S S E S.

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were 25
 No honour, or report,
 Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare
 The time in idle sport :
 For toyle doth give a better touch
 To make us feele our joy ; 30
 And ease findes tediousnes, as much
 As labour yeelds annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
 Whereto tendes all your toyle ; 35
 Which you forego to make it more,
 And perish oft the while.
 Who may disport them diversly,
 Find never tedious day ;
 And ease may have variety,
 As well as action may. 40

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
 These toyles and dangers please ;
 And they take comfort in the same,
 As much as you in ease :

U 2

And

292 ANCIENT SONGS

And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still :
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To shew that it was ill.

45

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred ;
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sports are without blood ;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

50

55

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seeme borne to turn them best :
To purge the mischieves, that increase
And all good order marr :
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

60

SYREN.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see 65
 I shall not have thee here;
 And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortune there.
 I must be wonne that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I not wonne; 70
 For beauty hath created bin
 T' undoo or be undone.

XI.

CUPID's PASTIME.

This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I, is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's poems, &c. 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, intitled, "Le Prince d'amour." 1660. 8vo.—Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Q. of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found pieces by Sir J. Davis, the countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.*

U 3

In

* See the full title in vol. 2. p. 289.

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq; but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3. Ath. Ox. II. 23.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspreid her face ;
Her careless arms abroad were cast ;
Her quiver had her pillows place ;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;
Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ; 10
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak't he durst not see ;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended bee. 15

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place ;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace. 20
Scarce

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
 And spies the shepherd standing by ;
 Her bended bow in haste she takes,
 And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc't his heart,
 That to the ground he fell with pain :
 Yet up again forthwith he start,
 And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a fight,
 She shot, and shot, but all in vain ;
 The more his wounds, the more his might,
 Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
 She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;
 The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
 And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
 Each little touch will pierce thy heart :
 Alas ! thou know'ft not Cupids craft ;
 Revenge is joy ; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare ;
 Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
 Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
 That made the shepherd senseles stand.

That brest she pierc't ; and through that brest 45
 Love found an entry to her heart ;
 At feeling of this new-come guest,
 Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start ?

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;
 Away she throws both shaft and bow : 50
 She seeks for what she shun'd before,
 She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may ;
 What other lovers do, did they :
 The god of love sat on a tree, 55
 And laught that pleasant sight to see.

XII.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem is printed at the end of Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife, &c. Lond. 1638." It is also found in the volume, intitled, "Le prince d'amour. 1660." and in a small collection of MS poems, 4to. in the editor's possession. It is said to be written "by Sir H. W." probably Sir HENRY WOTTON, who died provost of Eaton, in 1639. Aet. 72.

HOW

HOW happy is he borne or taught,
That serveth not anothers will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill :

Whose passions not his master are ;
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death ;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great : 10

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice : Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good : 15

Who God doth late and early pray
His graces more then gifts to lend ;
And entertaines the harmlesse day
With a well-chosen booke or friend. 20

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall ;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands ;
And having nothing yet hath all.

XIII.

U N F A D I N G B E A U T Y .

*This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, Esq; one of the gentle-
men of the privie-chamber, and servar in ordinary to his
majesty (Charles I). Lond. 1640." This elegant, and
almost-forgotten writer, whose poems deserve to be revived,
died in the prime of his age, in 1639.*

*In the original follows a third stanza, which not being
of general application, nor of equal merit, I have venturid
to omit.*

H E E that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seekes
Fuell to maintaine his fires ;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd
Kindle never-dying fires :
Where these are not I despise
Lovely checkes, or lips, or eyes.

5

10



XIV.

G I L D E R O Y,

— was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the GILDEROY, who is the hero of Scottish Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for in Thompson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, vol. 2. 1733. 8vo. is a copy of this ballad, which tho' corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary Queen of Scots: ex. gr.

“ The Queen of Scots possessed nougat,
 “ That my love let me want:
 “ For cow and ewe be brought to me,
 “ And ein quhan they were scant.”

Those lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that seems to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriances that required the pruning hook.

G I L-

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shooone,
His stockings were of filken soy,
Wi' garters hanging dounie :
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see fae trim a boy ;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! like two charming een he had,
A brcath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly filken clothes ;
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah ! waę is mee ! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years befor,
We gan to luve each other ;
Our dadies and our mammies thay,
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day,
Twixt me and Gilderoy,

For

For Gilderoy that lufe of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding fark of holland fine,
Wi' filken flowers wrought :
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor laffie eir could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy. 25

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith fifteen,
And aft we past the langsome time,
Among the leaves sae green;
Aft on the banks we'd fit us thair,
And sweetly kifs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy. 35

Oh ! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life,
But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent,
To stir in feates of strife:
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy. 45

And

And when of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat mine ee,
 I gave tull him a parting luik,
 " My benison gang wi' thee !
 God speed the weil, mine ain dear' heart,
 For gane is all my joy ;
 My heart is rent fith we mawn part,
 My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in every toon,
 And bauldly bare away the gear;
 Of many a lawland loun ;
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
 He was sae brave a boy,
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loen that made the laws,
 To hang a man for gear,
 To 'reave of life for ox or ass,
 For sheep, or hōrse, or mare :
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,
 I neir had lost my joy,
 Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
 He mought hae banisht been,
 Ah ! what fair cruelty is this,
 75
 To hang fike handsome men :
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
 Nae lady had sae white a hand,
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

80

Of Gilderoy sae afraid they were,
 They bound him mickle strong,
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung :
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 85
 He was sae trim a boy,
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away,
 Wi' tears, thät trickled for his death,
 90
 I wafht his comelye clay ;
 And fiker in a grave sae deep,
 I laid the dear-lued boy,
 And now for evir maun I weep,
 95
 My winsome Gilderoy.

90

95

XV.

W I N I F R E D A.

This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine muses, is printed in some modern collections as a translation "from the ancient British language;" how truly I know not. See the Musical Miscellany; vol. 6. 1731. 8vo.

A WAY; let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing;
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood?
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Will sweetly found where-e'er 'tis spoke:
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder
 How they respect such little folk.

What

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess. 15

Still shall each returning season
 Sufficient for our wishes give ;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live. 20

Through youth and age in love excelling;
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures, 25
 While round my knees they fondly clung;
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And, when with envy time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys, 30
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go a wooing with my boys.

XVI.

J E M M Y D A W S O N .

This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact that happened among the executions after the last rebellion in 1745 : it was written by the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; soon after the event, and has been printed among his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS copy, which contained some small variations from that lately printed.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear ;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came,
 And faultleſs was her beauteous form,
 And spotleſs was her virgin fame.

15

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the faithful youth astray,
 The day the rebel clans appear'd :
 O had he never seen that day !

20

Their colours and their fash he wore,
 And in the fatal drefs was found ;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear ?
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

25

With faltering voice she weeping said,
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

30

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
 My orisons should never close.

35

The gracious prince that gives him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame,
 And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

40

But though, dear youth, thou shouldest be dragg'd
 To yonder ignominious tree,
 Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
 The fledge mov'd slowly on before ;
 Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favourite more.

45

She followed him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law ;
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

50

Distorted was that blooming face,
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long :
 And stifled was that tuneful breath,
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

55

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd ;
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 On which her love-sick head repos'd ;

60

And

'And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did to every heart prefer ;
 For tho' it could his king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
 She bore this constant heart to see ;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 Yet, yet, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
 The pure and lasting love I bore :
 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;
 The maid drew back her languid head,
 And sighing forth his name, expir'd,

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale,
 So sad, so tender, and so true.

65

70

75

80

XVII.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY,

— was published in a small collection of poems intitled, EUTHEMIA, OR THE POWER OF HARMONY, &c. 1756. written by an ingenious Physician near Bath, who chose to conceal his name. The following contains some variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. Shenstone.

WOKEY-HOLE is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils Cave in Italy. Thro' a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crest by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock : many of these are evident petrifications ; which on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

I N aunciente days tradition showes
 A base and wicked else arose,
 The Witch of Wokey hight :
 Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
 From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
 On some long winter's night.

5

Deep

Deep in the dreary dismal cell,
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide:
Nine wicked elves, as legends fayne,
She chose to form her guardian trayne,
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy fides possest,
Night-howling thro' the rock :
No wholesome herb could here be found;
She blasted every plant around,
And blifter'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foul to see ;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee ;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill ;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly clear.

All in her prime, have poets sung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er blest her longing armes :
And hence arose her spight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

10

15

20

25

30

312 ANCIENT SONGS

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
 Full bent to marr her fell despight,
 And well he did, I ween :
 Sich mischief never had been known,
 And, since his mickle lerninge shoun,
 Sich mischief ne'er has been.

35

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
 He crost the water, bleft the brooke,
 Then—pater noster done ;
 The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er ;
 When lo ! where stood a hag before,
 Now stood a ghastly stome.

40

Full well 'tis known adown the dale ;
 Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,
 And doubtfull may appear,
 I'm bold to say, there's never a one,
 That has not seen the witch in stome,
 With all her household gear.

45

But tho' this lernede clerke did well ;
 With grieved heart, alas ! I tell,
 She left this curse behind :
 That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,
 Tho' sence and beauty both unite,
 Should find no leman kind.

50

For

For lo ! even, as the fiend did say,
The sex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous scant.
Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
Yet hardly one gallant.

55

60

Shall then fitch maids unpitied moane ?
They might as well, like her, be stome,
As thus forsaken dwell.
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks ;
Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
And, oh ! revoke the spell.

65

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair ;
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care ;
I hear the gracious voice :
Your sex shall soon be blest agen,
We only wait to find fitch men,
As best deserve your choice.

70

XVIII.

B R Y A N A N D P E R E E N E,

A W E S T - I N D I A N B A L L A D ,

*is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of
Christopher about two years ago. The editor owes the
following*

following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. JAMES GRANGER*, who was in the island when this tragical incident happened, and is now an eminent physician there. To this ingenious gentleman the public is indebted for the fine ODE ON SOLITUDE printed in the IVth Vol. of Dodsley's Miscel. p. 229. in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which ought to be corrected thus

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whither by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day
T'adm'rs marble wastes survey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day †.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

* Author of a poem on the Culture of the SUGAR-CANE lately published. † So in pag. 335. Turn'd her magic ray.

A long

A N D B A L L A D S.

315

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

10

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

15

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistresſ true ;
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

20

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine ;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well-known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
All in her beſt array.

25

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient stood ;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

30

Her

316 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave ;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

35

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand ;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

40

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain ;
When, ah ! a shark bit through his wafte ;
His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah ! was seen no more.

45

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring :
She falls, she swoons, she dyes away,
And soon her knell they ring.

50

Now each May morning round her tomb
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.

55

XIX.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient Ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors, than most other nations; they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language Romances, and have collected them into volumes under the titles of *El Romancero*, *El Cancionero* †, &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish "History of the civil wars of Granada," describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this History (or perhaps, Romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate these beautiful pieces.

The Spanish editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are translations from the Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of language and sentiment, which runs through these poems, prove that they are ancient; or, at least, that they were written before the Castilians began to form themselves on the model of the Tuscan poets, and had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has for ^{some} time

† i. e. The ballad-finger.

two centuries past so miserably infested the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so unnatural, affected, and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English Bards and Minstrels, the Reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small Collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The Metre is the same in all these old Spanish songs : and its plain unpolished nature strongly argues its great antiquity. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations ; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike, the consonants may be altogether different, as

pone	caña	meten	arcos
noble	cañas	muere	gamo

Ta

• **R**IO verde, rio verde,
 • Quanto cuerpo en ti se baña
 • De Christianos y de Moros
 • Muertos por la dura espada !

• Y tus ondas cristalinas
 • De roxa sangre se esmaltan :
 • Entre Moros y Christianos
 • Muy gran batalla se trava.

5

• Murieron Duques y Condes,
 • Grandes señores de salva :
 • Murio gente de valia
 • De la nobleza de España.

10

En

t has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the Hist. de las civiles guerras de Granada, ad. 1694. One of them hath the rhimes ending in AA, the other in IAA. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line,

Rio verde, rio verde †,
which could not be translated faithfully;

Verdant river, verdant river,
would have given an affected stiffness to the verse; the great merit of which is its easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

† Literally, Green river, green river.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain :
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

5

10

There

320 ANCIENT SONGS

• En ti murio don Alonso,
 • Que de Aguilar se llamaba ;
 • El valeroso Urdiales,
 • Con don Alonso acababa.

15

• Por un ladera arriba
 • El buen Sayavedra marcha ;
 • Naturel es de Sevilla,
 • De la gente mas granada.

20

• Tras el iba un Renegado,
 • Desta manera le habla,
 • Date, date, Sayavedra,
 • No huyas de la Batalla.

• Yo te conozco muy bien,
 • Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa :
 • Y en la Plaza de Sevilla
 • Bien te vide jugar cañas.

25

• Conozco a tu padre y madre,
 • Y a tu muger doña Clara ;
 • Siete años fui tu cautivo,
 • Malamente me tratabas.

30

• Y aora lo seras mio,
 • Si Mahoma me ayudara ;
 • Y tambien te tratare,
 • Como a mi me tratabas.

35

• Say-

A N D B A L L A D S.

321

There the hero, brave Alonzo
Full of wounds and glory died :
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

15

Lo ! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' the squadrons slow retires ;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

20

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry ;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Dost thou from the battle fly ?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

25

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know,
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

30

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine :
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine.

35

VOL. III.

Y

Like

• Sayavedra que lo oyera,
 ‘ Al Moro bolvio la cara ;
 Tirole el Moro una flecha,
 ‘ Pero nunca le acertaba.

40

• Hiriole Sayavedra
 ‘ De una herida muy mala :
 ‘ Muerto cayo el Renegado
 ‘ Sin poder hablar palabra.

• Sayavedra fue cercado
 ‘ De mucha Mora canalla,
 ‘ Y al cabo cayo alli muerto
 ‘ De una muy mala lancada.

43

• Don Alonso en este tiempo
 ‘ Bravamente peleava,
 ‘ Y el caballo le avian muerto,
 ‘ Y le tiene por muralla.

50

• Mas cargaron tantos Moros
 ‘ Que mal le hieren y tratan :
 ‘ De la sangre, que perdia,
 ‘ Don Alonso se desmaya.

55

• Al fin, al fin cayo muerto
 ‘ Al pie de un peña alta.—
 ‘ — Muerto queda don Alonso,
 ‘ Eterna fama ganara.’

60

* * * * *

Like a lion turns the warrior,
 Back he fends an angry glare :
 Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
 Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
 Sent a deep and mortal wound :
 Instant sunk the Renegado,
 Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
 Brave Saavedra stands at bay :
 Wearied out but never daunted,
 Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
 Stout refits the Paynim bands ;
 From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
 Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious preys the hostile squadron,
 Furious he repels their rage ;
 Loss of blood at length infecbles :
 Who can war with thousands wage !

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
 Close beneath its foot retir'd,
 Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
 And without a groan expir'd.

* * * * *

Y 2

* * * Iz

45

50

55

60

324 ANCIENT SONGS

* * In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

RENEGADO properly signifies an apostate; but it is sometimes used to express an infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver. 21. &c.

The image of the LION, &c. in ver. 37. is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhimes of which end in IA, viz.

‘ Sayavedra, que lo oyera,
‘ Como un leon rebolbia.’

XX.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA,

A MOORISH TALE,

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

The foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the Civil wars of Granada, f. 22. and begins with these lines,

‘ Por la calle de su dama
‘ Paseando se anda, &c.’

SOFTLY

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night ;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure :
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro ;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

326 ANCIENT SONGS

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's flight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

25

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh :
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady ;
Tell me, am I doom'd to dye ?

30

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsell tells my page,
That seduc'd by sordid riches
Thou wilt sell thy youth to age ?

35

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along ;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
E'er consent my love to wrong ?

40

If it's true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes ;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend :

45

Ah !

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows; 50
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alia knows how dear it costs me, 55
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine,
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine? 60

Well thou knowst how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou knowst what cruell chidings 65
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffered here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them,
All, to force my hand combine; 70

328 A N C I E N T S O N G S

And to-morrow to thy rival
 This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
 Can survive so great a wrong,
 Well my breaking heart assures me
 That my woes will not be long.

75

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor !
 Farewel too my life with thee !
 Take this scarf a parting token,
 When thou wear'ft it think on me.

80

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
 Shall reward thy generous truth,
 Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
 Died for thee in prime of youth.

— To him all amaz'd, confounded,
 Thus she did her woes impart :
 Deep he figh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida,
 Do not : do not break my heart.

85

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ?
 Canst thou hold my love so small ?
 No ! a thousand times I'll perish ! —
 My curst rival too shall fall.

90

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them ?
 O break forth, and fly to me !

This

This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

95

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure,
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsell keeps the door.

100

Hark, I hear my father storming !
Hark, I hear my mother chide !
I must go : farewell for ever !
Gracious Alla be thy guide !

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

A G L O S S A R Y
OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN
VOLUME THE FIRST.

The Scottish words are denoted by s. French by f. Latin by l. Anglo-saxon by A. S. Icelandic by Isl. &c. For the etymology of the words in this and the following Volumes, the Reader is referred to JUNIJ ETYMOLOGICEN ANGLICANUM. EDIDIT EDW. LYE, OXON. 1743. fol.

If any words should not occur here, they will be found in the Glossaries to the other Volumes.

A.

- A**, au. s. all.
A Twyde. p. 6. of Tweed.
Abacke. back.
Abone, aboon, aboone. s. above.
Abraide. abroad.
Afton. p. 47. a kind of armour made of taffaty, or leather quilted, &c. worn under the habergeon to save the body from bruises. f. Hocqueton.
Aft. s. oft.
Agayne. against.
Agoe. gone.
Ain, awin. s. own.
Al gife. although.
Alate. p. 88. of late.
An. p. 75. and.

Ane. s. one, an.

Ancient. standard.

Aras. p. 5. arros. p. 9. arrow.

Arcir. p. 75. arcer.

Affinde. affined.

Affoyl'd, affoyled. absolved.

Astate. estate.

Aftound. p. 184. astonyed. stun-ed, astonisbed, confounded.

Ath. p. 6. athe. p. 9. o' th' of the.

Avoid. p. 184. void, vacate.

Aureat. golden.

Austerne. p. 264. fern, austere.

B.

Ba. s. ball.

Bacheleere, batchilere. p. 38, &c. knight.

Bairne. s. child.

Baith, s. bathe. p. 11. both.

Baile,

- bale. p. 38. 79. *evil, rt, mischiefs, misery.*
 bate. p. 17. *better our les, i. e. remedy our evils.*
 b. p. 45. *bond, covenant.*
 b. p. 11. *bone.*
bare.
hed. bare-head, or perhaps red.
e. p. 7. berne. p. 22. man, rfon.
court. p. 89. the lower. rt of a castle.
ete, basnite, basnyte, basiet, bassonete. helmet.
tens skinne. p. 286. tan-sleep's skin.
at. p. 6. by that time.
ing arow. p. 157. an arw that carries well.
ght. p. 90. bedecked.
ts. beadles.
ard. beard.
e. did beat.
rn. before.
ilde. beguiled, deceived.
sts. p. 308. commands, iunctions.
we. p. 161. behoof.
fe. p. 152. belive. imme- ately.
le-bow. a bent bow. qu.
. bene. been.
son. blessing.
. p. 5. bents. p. 39. where rufes grow) the ld; fields.
yngc. p. 114. benignc. be- gn, kind.
. beef, art.
is. beasts.
rawghted. p. 165. distractled.
. be, are.
- Bickarte. p. 5. *bicker'd. skirt-misbed.*
 Bill, &c. p. 260. *I have deli- vered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.*
 Blane. p. 12. blanne. p. 42. did blin. i. e. flop.
 Blaw. s. *blow.*
Blaze. to emblazon, display.
Blee. colour, complexion.
Bleid. s. bledc. bleed.
Blist. blessed.
Blive. p. 85. belive. imme- diately.
Bloomed. p. 285. beset with bloom.
Blude. blood. blude reid. s. blood red.
Bluid, bluidy. s. blood, bloody.
Blyve. p. 156. belive. instantly.
Boare. bare.
Bode. p. 110. abode.
Boltes. /bajts, a rows.
Bomen. p. 5. bow-men.
Bonny, bonnie, bonnye. s. comely.
Boone. p. 91. a gift, present.
Boot, boote. p. 79. advantage, help, assistance.
Borrowe, borowe. pledge, sure- ty.
Barowe. p. 139. to redeem by a pledge.
Borrowed. p. 31. warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.
Bot and. s. p. 102. and also.
Bot. but.
Bote. boot, advantage.
Bougill. s bugle-born, bunting- horn.
Bounde, bowned. prepared.
Bowndes. bounds.
Bowne ye. prepare ye.
- Bowne.

- Bowne. ready. bowned. prepared.
- Bowre, p. 50. bower. habitation: chamber, parlour. perhaps from *Is.* bouan to dwell.
- Bowie-window. chamber-window.
- Bowys. bows.
- Braid. s. broad, large.
- Brandes. swords.
- Brere. p. 81. brere. briar.
- Bred banner. broad-banner.
- Breech. p. 286. breeches.
- Breeden bale. breed mischief.
- Breng, bryng. bring.
- Broad arrow. an arrow with an edge.
- Brodinge. pricking.
- Brooke. p. 16. enjoy.
- Brooke. p. 270. bear, endure.
- Browd. p. 5. broad.
- Brytlynge, p. 6. brytlyng. p. 7. cutting up, quartering, carving.
- Bugle. bugle-born, hunting-born.
- Bushman. p. 111. ambush, a snare to bring them into trouble.
- Buket ye. dress ye.
- Buket, bukt. dressed.
- Bukt them. p. 111. prepared themselves, made themselves ready.
- But if. unless.
- Buttes. butts to shoot at.
- By thre. p. 130. of three.
- Bye. p. 139. buy, pay for. also aby. suffer for.
- Byears, beeres. biers.
- Bydys. bides, abides.
- Byll. p. 6. bill. an ancient kind of halbert, or battle ax.
- Byn, bine, bin. been, be, are.
- Byrche. birch-tree, birch-wood.
- C.
- Calde, callyd. p. 8. called.
- Can, cane. p. 27, 29. gan. p. 26. began to cry.
- Capull-hyde. horse-bide.
- Carebed. bed of care.
- Carpe of care. p. 15. complain thro' care.
- Cast. p. 7. mean, intend.
- Caytiffe. p. 41. caitif. slave, despicable wretch.
- Cetywall. p. 284. fetwall. the herb valerian: also mountain spikenard. See Gerard's herball.
- Chantelere. the cock.
- Chays. p. 7. chace.
- Check. to rate at.
- Check. to flop.
- Child. p. 90. knight. children. p. 40. knights. See Vol. 3. p. 58.
- Christentye. p. 64. christiantie. chrichtendome.
- Chyf, chyfe. chief.
- Clawed. tore, scratched. p. 162. figuratively, beat.
- Cleaped, cleped. called, named.
- Clerke. scholar.
- Coate. cot, cottage.
- Cockers. p. 286. probably the same as startopes in vol. 2. a kind of buskins.
- Collayne. Cologn-fieel.
- Comen, commen, commyn. come.
- Confetered. confederated, entered into a confederacy.
- Cordiwin. p. 286. cordwayne. properly Spanish, or Cordovan leather:

*ther: here it signifies a
or vulgar sort.
iare. p. 12. courser.
. cot, cottage. Item. coat.
lde. cold. Item. could.
l be. p. 265. was. could
re. p. 29. died. a phrase.
ntie. p. 279. count, earl.
pe. p. 273. a little pen for
ultry.
th. could.
ntrie. p. 286. Coventry.
ge. p. 22. cragg.
ncke. sprightly, exulting.
ience. belief.
vis. crevise, chink.
ke. p. 172.
tes cors. p. 8. Christ's curse.
wch. crutcb (in p. 162. it
ight perhaps to be clowch.
utch, graps.)
ance. belief. f. creance. But
i p. 39, &c. it seems to signify
fear." f. crainte.
n. s. come. p. 10. came.*

D.

*npned. condemned.
dey, dy. p. 7. 15. 10. die.
pe-fette. deep-setched.
d. s. dede. deed. Item. dead.
p. s. depe. deep.
r. s. deere, dere. dear.
l. p. 88. deal. every dell.
iay. deny. rhithm gratia.
ured. p. 89. pure, run clear.
creeve. describe.
ht. decked, put on.
l. p. 38. dole, grief, pain.—
ill I drye. p. 38. pain I
ffer. dill was dight. p. 36.
rief was upon him.*

Dint. stroké, blow.
Dis. p. 75. this.
Difficult. discuffed.
Dites. dities.
Dochter. s. daughter.
Dole. p. 37. grief.
Doleful dumps. p. 165. 244.
forrowful gloom.
Dolours. dolourous, mournful.
Doth, dothe, doeth. do.
Doughte, doughte, doughtie,
doughty, formidable.
Doughtie. i. e. doughty man.
Downae. s. p. 34. cannot.
Doute, doubt. Item. fear.
Doutted, doubted, feared.
Dois. s. doys. does.
Drap. s. drop.
Dre. p. 13. drie. p. 101. drye.
p. 29. suffer.
Dreid. s. dreede, drede. dread.
Dreips. s. drips, drops.
Droviers, drovers. p. 237. pro-
bably the same as
Dryvars. p. 5. drivers.
Drye. p. 29. suffer.
Dryghnes. dryness.
Duble dyfe. double dice. i. e.
false dice.
Dughtie. doughty.
Dule. s. dole, grief. *Dyd, dyde. did.
Dyght. p. 12. dight. p. 50.
dressed, put on, put.
Dyne. p. 12. dint, blow, stroké.
Dylgyslynge. disguising, mask-
ing.

E.

Eame, eme. p. 26. uncle.
Eathe. easy.
Ee. s. eie. eye.

Een,

- Een, eyne. *eyes*.
 Ech, ech, eiche. *each*.
 Ein. s. *even*.
 Eir, evir. s. *e'er, ever*.
 Eke. *also*.
 Eldern. s. *elder*.
 Elke. p. 29. *each*.
 Ellumynnge. p. 113. *embel-
lising*: to illumine a book,
was to ornament it with
paintings in miniature.
 Ellyconys. *Helicon's*.
 Endyed. *dyed*.
 Enharpit, &c. p. 113. *hooked, or
edged with mortal dread*.
 Enkankered. *cankered*.
 Envie. p. 23. *envye*. p. 26.
malice, ill-will, injury.
 Erst. s. *beretofore*.
 Eterminable. p. 116. *inter-
minable, unlimited*.
 Everychone. *every-one*.
 Exed. p. 88. *asked*.
- F.
- Fa. s. *fall*.
 Fach, feche. *fetch*.
 Fain, fayne. *glad, fond*.
 Faine of fighte. p. 65. *fond of
fighting*.
 Faine, fayne. *feign*.
 Fals. *false*. Item. *falleth*.
 Fare. p. 55. *pafs*.
 Farden. p. 47. *fared, flasbed*.
 Farley. *wonder*.
 Faulkone. *aulcon*.
 Fay. *faith*.
 Fayere. p. 25. *fair*.
 Faytors. p. 115. *deceivers,
dissimblers, cheats*.
 Fe. *fee, bribe. Also, land*.
 Feat. p. 274. *nice, neat*.
- Featously. *neatly, dextrously*.
 Feere, fere. *mate*.
 Feir, s. *fere, fear*.
 Fendys pray, &c. p. 115. *from
being the prey of the fiends*.
 Ferfly. *fiercely*.
 Felante. *pheasant*.
 Fette. *fetched*.
 Fetteled, fettled. *prepared, ad-
dressed, made ready*.
 Filde. *field*.
 Finaunce. p. 115. *fine, for-
feiture*.
 Fit. p. 9. *fyt*. p. 139. *fytte*. p.
76. *Part or Division of a
song, whence p. 68. fitt is a
strain of music. See vol. 2. p.
161, 383*.
 Flyte. p. 172, 260. *flout, mock*.
 Foo. p. 31. *foes*.
 For. *on account of*.
 Forbode. p. 159. *prohibition,
q. d. God forbid*.
 Forefend. *prevent, defend*.
 Formate. *former*.
 Forthynketh. p. 154. *repenteth,
vexeth, troubleth*.
 Forfed. p. 111. *regarded,
beeded*.
 Fork. p. 70. *forced, compelled*.
 Fosters of the fe. p. 155. *for-
refers of the king's demesnes*.
 Fou, fow. s. *full*.
 Fowarde, vawarde. *the wan*.
 Fre-bore. p. 75. *free-born*.
 Freake, freke, freyk. *man,
person, human creature*.
 Freckys. p. 10. *persons*.
 Frie. s. *fre, free*.
 Freits. s. *ill omens, ill luck*.
 Fuyson, folton. *plenty*.
 Fyll. p. 110. *fell*.
 Fyr. *fire*.

Gair.

G.

Gair. s. *geer, dress.*
 Gamon. p. 41. *game, bence backgamon.*
 Gane, gan. *began.*
 Gane, gan. *gone.*
 Garde. p. 10. *made.*
 Ganyde. p. 10. *gained.*
 Gare, gar. *make.*
 Gargeyld. p. 88. *perhaps from Gargouille, f. the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts cut in the figures of gray-bounds, lions, &c.*
 Garland. p. 82. *the ring, with-in which the prick or mark was set.*
 Gear. s. *geer.* p. 302. *goods.*
 Getinge. p. 24. *what he had got, his plunder, booty.*
 Geve, gevend. *give, given.*
 Gi, gie. s. *give.*
 Gife, giff. *if.*
 Gin. s. *an, if.*
 Give owre. s. *surrender.*
 Glede. p. 7. *a red hot coal.*
 Glent. p. 5. *glanced.*
 Glose. p. 110. *set a false glas, or colour.*
 Gode. *good.*
 Gogging eyen. *goggle eyes.*
 Gone. p. 47. *go.*
 Gowd. s. *ould, gold.*
 Graine. p. 173. *scarlet.*
 Gramercye. *God-a-mercy: or perhaps, Grant mercy.*
 Graunge. p. 273. *granary.*
 Grea-hondes. *grey-bounds.*
 Grece. p. 88. *a flight of steps.*
 Greece. p. 149. *a fat bart; from f. graifie.*

Grennyng. *grinning. [from Bale, pt. 2. Ed. 1550. fol. 83.]*
 Gret, grat. *great.*
 Greves. *groves, bushes.*
 Grisly groaned. p. 30. *dreadfully groaned.*
 Groundwa. p. 103. *ground-wall.*
 Gude, guid, geud. s. *good.*

H.

Ha, [hae.] s. *have.* Item. *baill.*
 Habergeon. f. *a leifer coat of mail.*
 Halched, halfed. *saluted, embraced, fell on his neck, from Hals, neck.*
 Haleosome. *wholesome, healthly.*
 Handbow. p. 160. *in opposition to a Crois-bow.*
 Harlocke. p. 284.
 Haried, harried, harrowed. p. 141. 22. *barrowed, harraffed.*
 Haſtarddis. p. 109. *probabij, rabble raified in Haſte.*
 Haviour. *behaviour.*
 Hauld. s. *to hold.* Item. *bold,* *strong hold.*
 Hawberk. *a coat of mail.*
 Hayll. *advantage, profit.* p. 25. *for the profit of all England.*
 A. S. Hæl. *salus.*
 He. p. 5. hee. p. 24. *hye, bigh.*
 He. p. 150. *hye, to bie.*
 Heal. p. 10. *bail.*
 Hear. p. 11. *here.*
 Heare, heares. *hair, hairs.*
 Hed, hede. *bead.*
 Heere. p. 86. *bear.*
 Heighte. p. 27. *on high, alond.*
 Hend. *kind, gentle.*
 Heir. s. *here.* p. 9. *bear.*
 Heſt. p. 197. *bafſt.*
 Heſt. p. 42. *command, injunction.*
 Hether.

- Hether. p. 151. *bither.*
 Heawyng, hewinge. *bewing,*
backing.
 Hewyne in to. *bewn in two.*
 Hi, hie. p. 75. *be.*
 Hie, hye, he, hee. *high.*
 Hight. p. 43. p. 11. *engage,*
engaged, promised. (p. 131.
called.)
 Hillys. *bills.*
 Hinde, hind. *gentle.*
 Hir. s. *her.*
 Hirself. s. *herself.*
 Hit. p. 11. *it.*
 Hoo, ho. p. 20. *an interjection*
of stopping or desisting: hence
stoppage.
 Hode. p. 141. *bodd, cap.*
 Hole. p. 111. holl. p. 114.
wbold.
 Holtes. p. 24. *hills.*
 Holy. p. 114. *perhaps hole,*
wbold.
 Hom, hem. *them.*
 Hondrith, hondred. *bundred.*
 Honge. *hang, hung.*
 Hontyng. *bunting.*
 Hoved. p. 88. *perhaps, bowered,*
bung moving.
 Hount. p. 7. *bunt.*

I.

- I feth. *in faith.*
 I ween. (*I think:*) *verily.*
 I wys, I wis. (*I know:*) *verily.*
 I wot. (*I know:*) *verily.*
 Iclipped. p. 88. *called.*
 If. *if.*
 Jimp. s. *slender.*
 Ild, I'd, I would.
 Ille. I'll, I will.
 Ilka. s. *every.*

- Im. p. 75. *him.*
 In fere. I fere. *together.*
 Into. s. *in.*
 Intres. p. 88. *entrance, ad-*
mittance.
 Jo. p. 300. *sweet-heart, friend.*
 Jogelers. *juglers.*
 I tuned. p. 88. *tuned.*
 Iye. *eye.*
 Iz. p. 75. *is, bis.*

K.

- Karls. *carls, churls.* karls of
 kind, *churls by nature.*
 Kauld. p. 75. *called.*
 Kawte and keene. p. 26. *cav-*
tious and active. l. *cautus.*
 Kempe, kempes. *soldier, sol-*
diers.
 Kemperye man. p. 67. *soldier,*
warrior, fighting man.
 Kems. s. *combs.*
 Ken, kenst. *know, knowest.*
 Kepers, &c. p. 163. *those that*
watch by the corpie shall tye
up my winding sheet.
 Kind. *nature.*
 Kit. p. 113. *cut.*
 Kithe nor kin. *acquaintance,*
nor kindred.
 Knave. p. 85. *servant.*
 Knight. s. *knight.*
 Knights fee. p. 85. *such a por-*
tion of land as qualified a
man for knighthood.
 Knowles. *knolls.*
 Knyled. *knelt.*
 Kyrtill, kirtle. *petticoat, gown.*

L.

- Laith. s. *lotb.*

Lait.

- Langsome. s. p. 301. long,
 tedious. Lang. s. long.
 Lauch, lauched. s. laugh,
 laughed.
 Launde. p. 149. lawn.
 Lay-land. p. 41. land that is
 not plow'd: green-fweard.
 Lay-lands. p. 49. lands in ge-
 neral.
 Layden. laid.
 Laye. p. 41. law.
 Leane. p. 27. conceal, bide.
 Item. iye. query.
 Leanyde. leaned.
 Leard. learned, taught.
 Leaf. p. 149. lying, falsehood.
 Withouten leafe. verily.
 Leafyng. hing, falsehood.
 Lee. p. 105. the field.
 Leeche. physician.
 Leechinge. p. 37. doctoring,
 medicinal care.
 Leeve London. p. 255. dear
 London, an old phraje.
 Leeveth. believeth.
 Lefe. p. 153. leeve. dear.
 Lefe. leaf. leaves. leaves.
 Leive. s. leave.
 Leman, leaman, leiman. lover,
 miftress. A. S. leifman.
 Lenger. longer.
 Lere. p. 47. face, complexion.
 A. S. hleape, facies, vultus.
 Learned. learned, taught.
 Lesynge. p. 154. leafing. lying,
 falsehood.
 Let. 5. binder. 66. bindred.
 Lettelt. binderest, detainest.
 Lettyng. p. 151. hindrance.
 Lever. raiber.
 Leyre, lere. p. 284. learning, lore.
 Lig. s. lie.
 Lightsome. p. 39. chearsful,
 sprightly.
- Liked. p. 286. pleased.
 Linde. p. 148. the lime tree; or
 collectively lime trees; or
 Trees in general.
 Lingell. p. 286. a thread of
 hemp rubbed with rosin, &c.
 used by rustics for mending
 their shooes.
 Lith, lithé, lythe. p. 131. at-
 tend, bearken, listen.
 Lither. p. 67. idle, worthless,
 naughty, froward.
 Liver. deliver.
 Liverance. p. 261. deliverance
 (money, or a pledge for de-
 livering you up.)
 Loke. p. 285. lock of woorll.
 Longes. belongs.
 Loolet, losed. loofed.
 Lope. leaped.
 Loveth. love. plur. number.
 Lough. p. 147. laugh.
 Louked. looked.
 Loun. s. p. 302. lown. p. 174.
 loon, rafcal. from the Irlsh
 luin. florful, sluggish.
 Louted. p. 48. bowed, did
 obeyance.
 Lowe. p. 84. a little hill.
 Lurden. p. 141. sluggard, drone.
 Lynde. p. 147. lyne. p. 82.
 See Linde.
 Lyth. p. 284. lithesome, pliant,
 flexible, easy, gentle.
 Lythe. idem. (p. 76. See Lith.)

M.

- Mahound, Mahowne. Mabomet
 Maieste, maist, mayeste. mayst.
 Mair. s. mare. more.
 Makys, maks. mates.
 Male. p. 10. coat of mail.
 Mane. p. 7. man. Item. moan.
 Z March-

- March-perti. *p. 15.* *march-parts.*
 Marche-man. *a scourer of the marches.*
 March-pine. *p. 284.* *march-pane.* *a kind of biscuit.*
 Marterye. *p. 81.* *maystry. p. 157.* *a trial of skill, bigh proof of skill.*
 Mauger. *p. 4.* *spite of.*
 Maun. *s. mun. must.*
 May'. *maid. rhythmi gratia.*
 Mayd, mayde. *made.*
 Mayne. *p. 51.* *force, strength.*
p. 77. borſe's mane.
 Meany. *p. 5.* *retinue, train, company.*
 Meed. *meede. reward.*
 Men of armes. *p. 28.* *gens d' armes.*
 Menivere. *p. 286.* *white fur.*
 Merches. *matches.*
 Met. *p. 6.* *meit. s. mete. meet, fit, proper.*
 Meyne. *p. 147.* *see Meany.*
 Minged. *p. 40.* *mentioned.*
 Misdouble. *277.* *suspect, doubt.*
 Misken. *mistake.*
 Mode. *p. 147.* *mood.*
 Monynday. *monday.*
 Mores. *p. 40.* *hills, wild downs.*
 Morne. *s. p. 73,* *on the morrow.*
 Mort. *p. 6.* *the death of the deer.*
 Most. *p. 111.* *must.*
 Mought, mot, mote. *might.*
 Mun, maun. *s. must.*
 More, munes. *s. wild downs, flats, &c.*
 Musis. *muses.*
 Myghtiū. *mighty.*
 Myllan. *Milan fleet.*
 Myne-ye-ple. *p. 10.* *perhaps*
Many-plies, or, folds.
 Myrry. *merry.*
- Mysuryd. *p. 113.* *mifused, applied to a bad purpose.*

N.

- Na, nae. *s. no, none.*
 Nains. *names.*
 Nar. *p. 6.* *nare. nor.*
 Nat. *not.*
 Nee, ne. *nigb.*
 Neigh him neare. *approach him near.*
 Neir. *s. nere. ne'er, never.*
 Neir. *s. nere. near.*
 Nicked him of naye. *p. 60.* *i.e.*
nicked him with a refusal.
 Nipt. *pinched.*
 Nobles. *nobleſt, nobleness.*
 None. *noon.*
 Nourice. *s. nurse.*
 Nye, ny. *nigb.*

O.

- O gin. *s. O if! a phrase.*
 On. *one. on man. p. 8.* *one man.* One. *p. 25.* *on.*
 Or, ere. *p. 20.* *24.* *before.*
 Or eir. *s. before ever.*
 Orilens. *prayers.*
 Ost, oſte. *bjſt.*
 Out owre. *s. quite over : over.*
 Outrake. *p. 265.* *an out-ride; or expedition. to raik. s. is to go/aff. (Or perhaps, Outreik, a fitting out. Mr. Daviſion.)*
 Owate of none. *hour of noon.*
 Owre, owr. *s. o'er.*
 Owt. *out.*

P.

- Pa. *s. the river Po.*

- Pall. p. 47. *a robe of state.*
 Purple and pall. i. e. *a purple robe, or cloak.* a phrase.
 Paramour. p. 288. *lover.* Item,
a mistres.
- Paregall. p. 113. *equal.*
 Parti, party. p. 8. *a part.*
 Paves. p. 110. *a large kind
 of shield.* (*Glos. G. Doug.*)
 Pavilliane. *pavillion, tent.*
 Pay. p. 153. *liking, satisfaction.*
 Peakish. p. 273. *small, mean,
 petty.*
 Peerie, pere. *peer, equal.*
 Penon. *a banner, or streamer
 borne on the top of a launce.*
 Perelous, parlous. *perilous,
 dangerous.*
 Perfight. *perfect.*
 Perlele. p. 115. *peerless.*
 Pertyd. p. 9. *parted.*
 Play-feres. *play-fellows.*
 Playning. *complaining.*
 Pleasance. *pleasure.*
 Pight. p. 24. *pitched.*
 Pil'd. p. 268. *peeled, bald.*
 Pine. p. 173. *jēmīsō, starve.*
 Pite, pitte, pyte. *pity.*
 Pompal. p. 214. *pompous.*
 Portres. p. 88. *portrefys.*
 Popingay. p. 286. *a parrot.*
 Pow, pou: pow'd. s. *full:
 pulled.*
 Prece, prefse. *pres.*
 Preced, prefed, preffed.
 Prest. p. 182. *ready.*
 Prestly. p. 150. *prettlye.* p.
 47. *quickly.*
 Prickes. p. 81. *the marks to
 shoot at.*
 Pricke-wand. p. 82. *a wand
 set up for a mark.*
 Pricked. p. 25. *spurred on,
 basted.*
- Prowes. p. 112. *prowest.*
 Prycke. p. 156. *the mark:
 commonly a hazel-wand.*
 Pryme. p. 132. *day break.*
 Pulde. f. 10. *pulled.*
- Q.
- Quail. p. 49, 267. *shrink.*
 Quadrant. p. 88. *four-square.*
 Quarry. p. 237. *slaughtered
 game, deer, &c.* See pag. 6.
 Quere, quire. *choir.*
 Quest. p. 142. *inquest.*
 Quha. s. *wben.*
 Quhan. s. *wben.*
 Quhar. s. *wbere.*
 Quhat. s. *what.*
 Quhattien. s. *what.*
 Quhen. s. *wben.*
 Quhy. s. *wby.*
 Quyrry. p. 6. See quarry above.
 Quyte. p. 16. *requited.*
- R.
- Raine. *reign.*
 Rayne, reane. *rain.*
 Reachles. p. 83. *careless.*
 Reas, p. 5. *raife.*
 Reave. *bereave.*
 Reckt. *regarded.*
 Reade. p. 22. *rede. advise.* p.
 28. *bit off.*
 Reek. s. *smoak.*
 Reid. s. *rede, reed. red.*
 Reid-roan. s. *red-roan.*
 Rekeles, recklesse. *regardless,
 void of care, rash.*
 Renift. p. 59. *renifft.* p. 65.
 Renifft. p. 59, 65.
 Renne. *run.*
 Renyed. *refused.*

- Rewth. *ruth*. *rewे*. *pity*.
 Riall. *p.* 89. *royal*.
 Richt. *s.* *right*.
 Ride. *p.* 260. *make an inroad*.
 Roche. *rock*.
 Ronne. *ran*. Roone. *p.* 25. *run*.
 Roode. *cross*, *crucifix*.
 Roufe. *roof*.
 Row, rowd. *s.* *roll, rolled*.
 Rues, *p.* 176. *ruethe*. *p.* 23.
pitieb,
 Ryde. *p.* 252. *i. e. make an
inroad*. Ryde in *p.* 64. (*v.*
135.) *should be rise. Counfel*
must arise from me.
 Rydere. *p.* 159. *ranger*.
 Ryse. *p.* 130. *raise*.

S,

- Sa, sae. *s. so.*
 Saif. *s. safe.*
 Sall. *s. shall*.
 Sar. *sore*.
 Sark. *skirt, shist*.
 Sat, sete. *p.* 3. *set*.
 Savyde. *saved*.
 Say. *p.* 13. *saw*. See *V. 3. p.* 267.
 Say us no harme. *p.* 66. *say no
ill of us*.
 Sayne. *say, plur. num.*
 Scathe. *buri, injury*.
 Schip. *s. ship*.
 Scho: *s. she*.
 Schrill. *s. skill*.
 Se. *s. see*. *lea. p.* 61. *lef*.
 Seik. *s. like, sick*.
 Sene. *p.* 9. *seen*.
 Sertayne, sertenlye. *certain,
certainly*.
 Setywall. See *settwall*.
 Shaleg. *p.* 77. *upon re-inspect-
ing the MS. appears to be
shaws, little woods*.
- Shear. *p.* 5. *clear off*.
 Sheele. *she'll, she will*.
 Sheene. *shene, shining*.
 Sheits, s. *shetes, sheets*.
 Shent. *disgraced*.
 Shimmering. *shining by glam-
ces*.
 Shoke. *p.* 113. *shookeft*.
 Shold, sholde. *should*.
 Shoen. *s. shooe*. *p.* 226. *shoes*.
 Shote. *p.* 9. *shot*.
 Shraddes. *p.* 77.
 Shrift. *confession*.
 Shroggs. *p.* 81. *shrubbs, thorns,
briars*. *G. Doug. icroggis.*
 Shulde. *should*.
 Shyars, *shires*.
 Sib. *kin*.
 Side. *long*.
 Sic, sich, sick. *p.* 75. *s. succb.*
 Sik. *p.* 162. *sike, succb.*
 Sied. *s. saw*.
 Siker. *p.* 303. *surely, certainly*.
 Sigh-clout. *p.* 173. (*sythe-clout*)
*a clout to strain milk through:
a straining clout*.
 Sith. *p.* 7. *sincce*.
 Slade. *p.* 79. *a slip of green-
fiverd betwix plow-lands,
or woods*. *G. Cld.*
 Slaw. *p.* 285. *slaw*.
 Slean, slone. *slain*.
 Slein, flee. *sky, fleet, flyef*.
 Slip. *s. slepe, sleep*.
 Slo, sloe. *bay*.
 Slode. *p.* 40. *fit, splits*.
 Slone. *p.* 42. *slain*.
 Slougher. *p.* 9. *stew*.
 Smithers, s. *smotkers*.
 Soldain, soltan; *sowden, sultan*.
 Soll, soule, sowle, soul.
 Sort. *p.* 116. *compaav*.
 Soth-Ynglond. *South England*.
 Soth,

- Soth, sothe, south, southe. Stour, p. 13. 70. stower, p. 40.
 sooth, truth.
 Sould, s. should.
 Sowden, soudain, sultan.
 Sowre, four.
 Sowre, foare, fore.
 Soy, f. silk.
 Spak, spak, s. spake.
 Sped, p. 61. speeded.
 Speik, s. speak.
 Spendyde, p. 12. perhaps
 Hended, held, or, Spanned,
 grafted.
 Spere, speere, spear.
 Spill, p. 172. spille, p. 52.
 spoil, come to harm.
 Spiente, 10. spurted, sprung out.
 Spurn, spurne, a kick. p. 16.
 See Tear.
 Spyde, spied.
 Spylt, p. 112. lost, destroyed.
 Spyt, p. 7. spyte, spite.
 Stable, p. 115. perhaps, stablib.
 Stalworthlye, p. 22. stoutly.
 Strane, s. stean. p. 75. stone.
 Steedye, steady.
 Steid, s. sted, stead.
 Stele, p. 13. steel.
 Stark, p. 47. stiff.
 Sterne, stern: or perhaps, stars.
 Sternis, stars.
 Sterte, start.
 Sterte, started.
 Sterte, star, p. 299. started.
 Steven, p. 85. voice.
 Steven, p. 81. time.
 Still, p. 22. quiet, silent.
 Stint, stop, stopped.
 Stirande-stage, p. 12. many a
 stirring, travelling journey.
 Stonderes, standers by.
 Stound, stownde, p. 142. 29.
 fine, awhile.
- Stour, p. 13. 70. stower, p. 40.
 stowre, p. 29. 50. fight.
 Streight, p. 10. straight.
 Strekene, stricken, struck.
 Stret, street.
 Strick, strict.
 Stroke, p. 10. struck.
 Stude, s. flood.
 Styntyde, stinted, stayed, stopped.
 Suar, sure.
 Sum, s. some.
 Sumpters, p. 278. borses that
 carry cloaths, furniture, &c.
 Swapte, p. 10. swapped, p. 28.
 swopede, p. 28. struck vio-
 lently.
 Swat, swatte, p. 28. swotte, p.
 28. didfweat.
 Swear, p. 6. sware.
 Sward, sword.
 Sweavens, dreams.
 Sweit, s. swete, sweet.
 Swith, p. 70. quickly, instantly.
 Syd, side.
 Syne, p. 23. 25. then, after-
 wards.
 Syth, since.
- T.
- Take, taken.
 Talents, p. 61.
 Taine, s. tane, taken.
 Tear, p. 16. this seems to be
 a proverb; That tearing or
 pulling occasioned this spurn
 or kick.
 Teenefut, s. p. 106, full of in-
 dignation, wrathful, furious.
 Teir, s. tere, tear.
- Teene, p. 179. tenet, p. 109.
 sorrow, indignation, wrath.
 Properly, injury, affront.
- Thair.

- Thair. s. their.
 Thame. s. them.
 Than. then.
 Thair. s. thare. there.
 The. thee. Thend. the end.
 The. they. the wear. p. 5. they
 were. the blewe. p. 6. they
 blew.
 Theär, theare. p. 23. ther. p.
 6. there.
 Thee. thrive. mote he thee.
 may be thrive.
 Ther. p. 5. their.
 Therfor. p. 7. therefore.
 Ther-to. thereto.
 Thes. these.
 Theyther-ward. p. 134. thither-
 ward, towards that place.
 Thie. thy.
 Thoule. s. p. 174. thou art.
 Thowe. thou.
 Thraet. p. 55. should be Throw.
 s. through.
 Thrall. p. 95. captive. p. 270.
 captivity.
 Thrang. s. throng.
 Thre. thrie. s. three.
 Threape. p. 175. rebuke, chide,
 scold. Also, positive assertion.
 Thritte. thirty.
 Throng. p. 140. hastened.
 Thrue. threw.
 Till. p. 16. unto.
 Till. p. 68. entice.
 Tire. lofe. tint. lost.
 To. too. Item. two.
 Ton. p. 7. tone. the one.
 Tow. s. p. 104. to let down
 with a rope, &c.
 Tow, tow. two.
 Traitorie, traitory. treachery.
 Tre. tree, wood.
 Treytory, traitory, treachery.
 Tride. tryed.
- Trow. p. 173. think, conceive,
 know.
 Trowthe, trothe. trotb.
 Tru, trewe. true.
 Tuik. s. took.
 Tul. s. till, to.
 Turn. p. 278. such turn. such
 an occasion.
 Twa. s. two.
 Twin'd.s.p.33. twisted, turned.
 Tym, tymc. time.
- V. U.
- Vices. p. 88. screws; or per-
 haps turning pins, swivels.
 Vilane. p. 109. rafkaly.
 Undernead. underneais.
 Undight. undecked, undressed.
 Unmacklye. misbapen.
 Unsett steven. p. 81. unop-
 pointed time, unexpectedly.
 Untyll, unto. p. 139. against.
 Voyded. p. 144. quitted, left
 the place.
 Upe. up. Upone, upon.
 Utlawz. p. 75. outlaws.
- W.
- Wad. s. wold, wolde; would.
 Wae worth. s. woe betide.
 Waltering. weltering.
 Wane. p. 11. perhaps (rythmi
 gratiâ) for whang, the noise
 made by a bow in emitting
 the arrow. see Sowne GL V. 4.
 War. p. 6. aware.
 Wardis. s. worlds.
 Wat. p. 8. wot. know, am aware.
 Wat. s. wet.
 Wavde. p. 96. waved.
 Wayward. p. 311. forward,
 peevish.
 Weale. p. 92. happiness, pro-
 sperity.
- Weak

- Weal. p. 15. *avail.*
 Wedous. *widows.*
 Weedes. *clothes.*
 Weel. *we'll, we will.*
 Weene; ween'd. p. 40. *thinx;*
thought.
 Weet. s. *wet.*
 Weil. s. *wele, well.*
 Weip. s. *wepe, weep.*
 Wel-away. p. 259. *an inter-
jection of grief.*
 Wel of pity. *source of pity.*
 Weme. *womb, belly, bollow.*
 Wende. p. 148. *weened, thought.*
 Wend, wends. *go, goes.*
 Westlin. s. *western.*
 While. p. 267. *till.*
 Whoard. *board.*
 Whole. p. 112. *whoso.*
 Whylls. *whiffls.*
 Wight. p. 167. *person.* p. 267.
strong, lusty.
 Wighty. p. 77. *strong, lusty,
active, nimble.*
 Wightly. p. 37. *vigorously.*
 Will. s. p. 72. *shall.*
 Wilfulle. p. 81. *wandering,
erring.*
 Windling. s. *winding.*
 Winnae. s. *will not.*
 Winsome. s. p. 302. *ben tosome.*
 Wils. p. 256. *know. wilst. knew.*
 Wo. woo. p. 9. *woe.*
 Woe begone. p. 47. *lost in woe,
overwhelmed with grief.*
 Won'd. p. 283. *dovelled.*
 Wone. p. 13. *one.*
 Wonderfly. *wonderously.*
 Wode, wood. *mad.*
 Wonne. *dwelt.*
 Woodweete. p. 77. *should be
woodweele or wodewale;
the golden ouzle, a bird of
the thrush-kind, Glos. Cheuc.*
- Worthè. *worthy.*
 Wot. *know. wotes, knows.*
 Wouch. p. 9. *mischief, evil.*
A.S. Yohg, i.e. Wohg. malum.
 Wrang. s. *wrung.*
 Wreke, wreak. *revenge.*
 Writhe. p. 265. *writteth,
twisted.*
 Wroken. *revenged.*
 Wronge. *wrong.*
 Wuſ. s. *will.*
 Wyght. p. 283. *strong, lusty.*
 Wyghtye. p. 156. *the same.*
 Wyd. p. 5. *wild deer.*
 Wynne. p. 25. *joy.*
 Wyte. p. 6. *knew.*
- Y.
- Y-cleped. *called.*
 Y-con'd. *taught, instructed.*
 Y-fere. *together.*
 Y-founde. *found.*
 Y-picking. p. 285. *picking,
culling, gathering.*
 Y-flaw. *slain.*
 Y-were. *were.*
 Y-wis. p. 90. *verily.*
 Y-wrought. *wrought.*
 Yate. *gate.*
 Yche. *each.*
 Ychylefeld. *carved with the
chizzel.*
 Ydle. *idle.*
 Ye bent, y-bent. *bent.*
 Ye feth, y-feth. *in faith.*
 Yenough, ynough. *enough.*
 Yeldyde. *yielded.*
 Yerarchye. *hierarchy.*
 Yere, yeere. *year, years.*
 Yerle. p. 8. *earl.*
 Yerly. p. 5. *early.*
 Yestreen. s. *yester evening.*

Yf.

Yf. if.

Ygnoraunce. *ignorance.*Yngglishe. *English.*Ynglonde. *England.*Yode, *went.*Yoe. *p. 7. you.*Yt. *it.*Yth. *p. 6. in the.*

Z.

Ze, zea. *s. ye.*Zeir. *s. year.*Zellow. *s. yellow.*Zonder. *s. yonder.*Zong. *s. young.*Zour. *s. jour.*

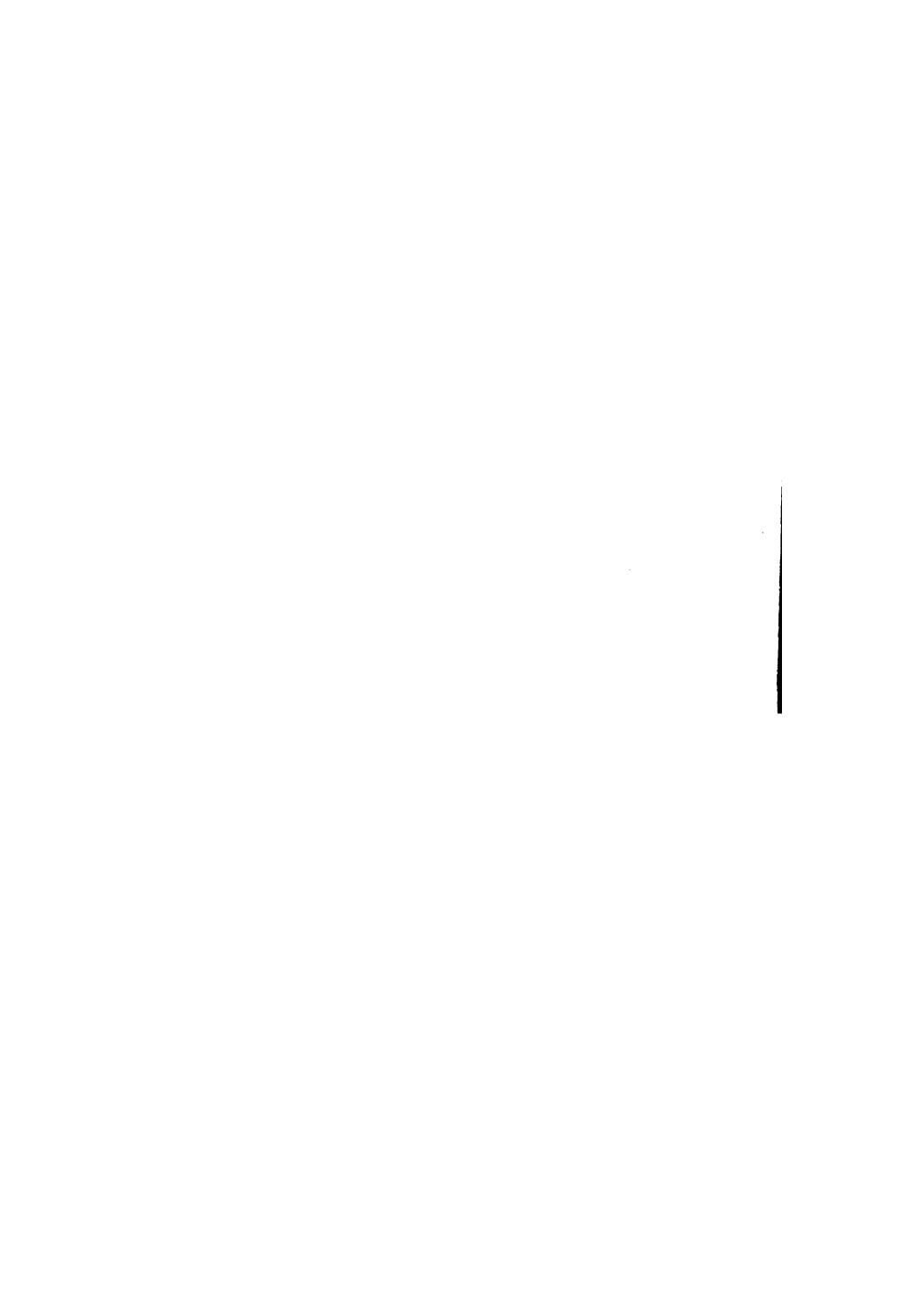
^{xx} The printers have usually substituted the letter *z* to express the character *ȝ*, which occurs in old MSS: but we are not to suppose that this *ȝ* was ever pronounced as our modern *z*; it had rather the force of *y* (and perhaps of *gh*) being no other than the Saxon letter *ȝ*, which both the Scots and English have in many instances changed into *y*, as *ȝeard* *yard*, *ȝean* *year*, *ȝeong* *young*, &c.

THE END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.



See Page 230





TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

—♦—
BEQUEATHED

TO THE UNIVERSITY

BY

ROBERT FINCH, M.A.,

OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

